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HOW TO REUNITE LATIN AND ORTHODOX

[TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: The article has been translated from a paper read before the Oriental Institute at Rome on Feb. 18, 1921, by His Grace Mgr. Andrew Szeptycki, Archbishop of Lemberg. Owing to limitations of space various less important passages have had to be omitted. The full text will be found in the *Bulletin des Missions*, published by the Benedictines of St. André, Lophem lez Bruges, Belgium. (May, 1922.)]

WHATEVER one may say about the deep divergences between East and West, divergences that go back for centuries, and that unhappily consummated the separation of the Churches, it is a fact that this separation is the deepest wound, the oldest and most difficult to heal in the whole Christian history. None of the early heresies lasted more than two hundred years. Those that have arisen from the conflict between Rome and Byzantium have flourished for a thousand years and are still unconquered. Nevertheless, we can establish facts that point the way to peace and concord between East and West.

The world war, wreaking havoc far and wide, has awakened so much new antagonism, that the old division between Eastern and Western ideas seems to have become less real. Christianity is called upon in our time to rise above the differences of Christian nations. It is for our own generation, and perhaps for future generations throughout the world, to strive to reconstitute the brotherhood of mankind. This work must of necessity bring the fruit of the *Pax Romana*, not only between nations separated by recent hatred and rancour, but also between those which, without any mutual ill will, are estranged solely through their heritage of different types of culture, neither knowing nor understanding one another. Looking at the question from another standpoint, the fall of the Russian Empire has bereaved the separated Churches of State support, which they so greatly misused. It has exposed them to the necessity of co-operating, sooner or later, with the work of Catholic missionaries. For the first time for centuries free scope is given to Catholic missionaries to unravel the problem of Christian unity.

What line will these apostles of reunion take? Never before has this question been so opportune. Without treating of every point of view from which the problem can be examined, I shall limit myself to a few remarks on the mission that Catholic Orders and Congregations will be called upon to fulfil in this cause.

Monachism is the primitive form of the religious life in the Church: in the East, it has remained its only form. Therefore I have chosen as the topic of this paper the mission of monachism, but, enlarging upon this subject, I shall be led to speak also of the co-operation that may develop between monachism and other forms of religious life.

To understand what it is in the power of these latter to do in the cause of reunion, we must consider the actual state of monachism in the separated Eastern Church, what it was before the separation, and what it may become.

It cannot be denied that the monastic life is very widely spread among the separated Churches. The theoretical principles of this life are wholly evangelical, for they are based on the traditions of the primitive Church—traditions that are preserved with care. Their practical application produces many fine examples of austerity, of humility, and of holiness, in spite of the grievous wounds that the separation has inflicted upon Oriental religious life. Such examples are found especially among the lower and simpler classes, whose good faith is above suspicion. The people are greatly attached to the monks, and everywhere one meets folk, simple for the most part, who, seeking a higher and more Christian life than the world has to offer them, take refuge in the cloister and cell. Certainly there are dissolute monasteries, which only spoil good vocations, but there are others that shelter a very fair number of men and women who live a very regular and penitential life. The separated Eastern Church, having kept all the Sacramental means of grace and holiness, all her members who are in good faith, though lacking the infallible guidance of the Catholic Church, can, by the help of individual grace, attain to a certain degree of sanctity. And, although it is certain that God does not work miracles that could confirm error, no less is it certain that miracles are promised to faith and prayer, and that faith is given in baptism.

Bear with me if, to illustrate my subject, I cite some personal experiences. I spent three months in the monastic prison at Souzdal in Russia a little while before the revolu-

tion of 1917. Seeing that I was taken there a prisoner I was not allowed to talk freely with the monks and they were most strictly forbidden to speak to me. There was only one *hieromonakos* (priest-monk), the vicar in whose custody I was, who might enter my cell. Another brought me my meals. In spite of the severe measures taken by the Russian Church authorities, perhaps even because of these precautions, I found myself in a position to learn many of the secrets of monastic life in Russia.

The monastery of Souzdal is used as a prison for delinquent monks. Hence the folk who dwell there are not a select type; nevertheless I can testify to this—that most of them became "religious" with the honest purpose of saving their souls. It was very often in their monastery that they had been corrupted. The vicar, who had all the authority of superior (for the canonical superior was the bishop, who did not concern himself with the monastery), told me, the first time he came to see me: "I am not a wicked man, I do not wish to harm anybody, but I am uncultured; I can neither read nor write." And this was a fact: he could hardly sign his name or take an intelligent part in the choir office, which he knew by heart.

The worthiest people in this convent were victims of persecution, who, for the very reason that they were persecuted, were in sympathy with all prisoners and all who were harassed throughout the world. They were candidates for the monastic state (*poslujniki*), who for years had aspired to the happiness of being monks. The community exploited their work without admitting them to the common life. They were ground down because of their faithful adherence to the doctrine and example of a monk of the monastery, Stépane Pidhornyj, who died some months before war broke out and who was himself persecuted on account of his widespread influence.

Until 1917, monachism in Russia had suffered from a wound that formerly afflicted western monachism, viz., the Commendatory system. The greater number of the rich and important Russian monasteries had as nominal superiors, or commendatory abbots, as they were called in the Middle Ages, bishops who showed no interest in the monasteries beyond taking nearly all their revenues. There is also in the East another institution unknown in western climes—titular monachism. The majority of Greek, Russian, Serbian, Bulgarian and Roumanian bishops are monks who have never

lived in a monastery. Eastern custom, among the separated Churches, demands that all bishops be monks; a law that explains the marriage of secular clergy. This custom stirs up a fair number of "vocations" to the episcopate on the part of subjects who do not wish to take upon themselves any of the burdens of religious life. In Serbia, a distinction is made between the monks of monasteries and the monks of episcopal courts. To the latter class belong all the bishops' assistants. The Oriental mind is so accustomed to the fact that all secular priests are married, that there are laws which constrain a widowed priest to retire to a monastery.

The Commendatory system, of which the bishops make so bad a use, is one of the causes of a strong antipathy that the monks feel for their bishops and which embraces all monkish candidates for the episcopal state, all professors of academies, rectors of seminaries, etc.

Among the Religious there are, of course, some educated men: that is to say, men who were educated before they entered the monasteries, for no studies are pursued there. "How good it is to hear Father Agathangelos read the lessons; he does not make any mistakes; when one of our Brethren reads you can hardly understand a word." So a *hieromonakos* told me. Indeed, if the monks exercise any influence over the people, if they perform any kind of apostolic labour, this is not done by the theologians so rarely found in the monasteries, but by the monks who are simple and pious. At times one meets an old man somewhat of the type of the above-mentioned Father Stépane. Being often a *megaloschême* ("monk of the great cloak"), he leads a more austere life than his companions, and has considerable ascendency over those who approach him. For example, I have seen one who was always saying: "You must keep God's Commandments; you must fear God; the judgments of God are terrible." Rarely did he speak of anything else. Far from being a stereotyped formula, these words were a real sermon, for he was an old man, thin and pale and of very ascetic appearance, so that his utterances were far more impressive than the sermons read (not preached) at the Cathedral.

The whole apostolate of Oriental monachism is confined to influence of this sort. Sermons are rarely heard in monastic churches: social or charitable work is seldom done by the monks. One never hears of their giving missions,

in fact, Eastern monasticism seems deliberately to exclude any kind of apostolic labour. This exaggerated idea is due, at least partly, to the perverse conception that the separated Churches have of Christian perfection and of the renunciation of worldly things. The world, that knows not Christ, that is opposed to Christ, is not looked upon in the East as a synthesis of the principles of the times in which we live, but simply as human society: to renounce the world, a man must become a recluse, an anchorite, and live in silence: as long as he lives among his fellow creatures he cannot be a perfect monk.

Such is monasticism in the Orient to-day. It has kept many of its ancient traditions, but it excludes the apostolic work of true monks, or rather, it leaves this work to those who are not monks, or only monks in name: it has vitiated and stultified the broad and liberal ideas of monasticism that all the Fathers of the Eastern Church had from St. Basil to St. Theodore of Studium. Many quotations could be given from these Fathers to show that they looked upon the monk's life as a perfect form of Christian life; a form which, far from cutting off missionary labour, persistently recommended it to monks. Since the life of a Christian urges us to perform every kind of charitable work to our neighbours, so the true monk, according to the ancient Greek Fathers, is he who labours when he can for the good of his fellows, while at the same time renouncing himself, in the perfect accomplishment of the Gospel maxims.

I will not weary you by quoting texts, for I am not giving you a scientific study of the question. It would take too long to cite all the proofs of my thesis, to give you the history of monasticism in the East. We have, it is true, several excellent works on the subject. The Abbé Marin has written a splendid book on the monks of Constantinople from the foundation of that city until the death of Photius (Paris, Gabalda, 1897); Dom Besse has written a list of the monks of the East before the Council of Chalcedon (451); Père Pargoire, of the Augustinians of the Assumption, in his remarkable work, *L'église byzantine de 527 à 847*, devotes to the subject of monachism several chapters that of themselves testify to his wonderful learning. All these volumes, as well as the history of the Byzantine Church up to the time of Photius, the lives of the saints and many ascetic works of the Fathers and Eastern writers, amply prove that monachism has taken a very active part in that

Church's life. There has not been a single heresy that the monks have not been the first to combat. The primacy of the Vicars of Rome has always found its most zealous champions in the ranks of the monks of the East. There has never been a persecution which has not been aimed first of all at the monks. All the charitable institutions of the Byzantine State, which has created a truly surprising number of establishments of every kind, have been directed by monks.

Byzantine literature is indebted to the monks for its best ascetical works; in the monasteries the great classical authors were copied and preserved with care. Monastic schools of painting maintained in Christian art the principles of classic beauty, and it is in Byzantine art that the principal type of religious portraiture is found, whence Giotto and Cimabue drew their inspiration. In one word, monks have been for the East what Benedictines have been for the West. Monachism, according to St. Theodore of Studium, has fulfilled in the Oriental Church the task that the nervous system performs in our bodies. Although belonging to one same monastic type, the Byzantine monks have been in a certain measure what all the religious Orders and Congregations are for the Western Church.

Since the Catholic Church is determined, as far as it is possible, to lead the members of the separated Churches back to unity, she does not wish them to become Latins, but she does wish them to become Catholics. She expressly desires that those Orientals who are converted to Catholicism should retain their Eastern rites. It happens, sometimes, that certain schismatics, receiving the Catholic Faith, think that they will do well to adopt the Latin rite: they believe that they will be better Catholics and belong more surely to the Catholic Church if they adopt our rite. They are mistaken. It is precisely in retaining their own rite that they will submit more entirely to the desire of the Church and be more fully subject to her laws and to her spirit. It may also happen that some representatives of the Latin Church in the East wish to be more Catholic than the Roman Church, and so they teach the Orientals that the Latin rite is almost of the essence of Catholicism. This narrowness of mind, which is only another form of Byzantinism, this truncated, un-Roman Catholicism is singularly harmful to the cause of reunion and perceptibly delays its progress. It is obvious that the more fictitious reasons the Orientals

may have for looking upon Catholicism as something territorial or national, the further they will be from accepting the dogma that the Catholic Church is universal. To arrive at this belief, they must see with their own eyes and have testimony as evident and concrete as possible of the Church's universality, of her superiority to all limits of nationality, race, language, rite, space and time. Therefore, all who intend joining in the work for reunion must labour, in the same spirit as Rome, to the end that all the Eastern Churches, while continuing to be Eastern, may become Catholic also. Let us give to the Orthodox that which their Church cannot give them at present, without asking them to sacrifice anything, however small, of the Catholic tradition of their ancestors. They have no Sisters of Charity: let us give them Sisters of Charity; no Christian schools for their children and young people; let us give them schools and all that is lacking to them, only, let us not ask them in return to renounce their inheritance of ancient customs or of certain rites and beliefs that are not tainted with error.

The Orientals often recognize that much is wanting to them; they seek something, and though they know it not, it is Catholicism they are searching for. Give them this and the Churches of the Orient will become what they were in the past—one of the strongest supports and fairest flowers of the Universal Church.

There are Oriental Catholic provinces, but, compared with the enormity of the task to be accomplished, these provinces are far too feeble. For example, to speak only of the Slavonic East, *i.e.*, of the Serbians, Bulgarians, Ukranians, White Ruthenians, and Russians, it would necessitate a whole army of missionaries, an extensive system of Catholic schools crowned for each of these nations by a Catholic University; seminaries, both for elementary and advanced studies, to raise up numerous secular priests of holy life; finally, a phalanx of monks and nuns to prove to the Orientals, by their zealous and charitable efforts, that the Catholic Church alone is the Church of Christ. The Catholic Oriental Churches will not produce these thousands of apostolic labourers: we must have the succour of the Western Church, nor do we doubt that this aid will come. Ever since her origin the Church has been fruitful in apostles; she has preached the Gospel to nations the most distant and the most difficult of approach; she cannot stand indifferent before

that door so widely opened, as said St. Paul, to her zeal and charity.

The Religious Orders and Congregations, that have ever brought forth so many saintly missionaries and that form the Church's vanguard, cannot fail to send labourers into this harvest field. But they must be forewarned that, to work successfully, their sacrifice must be complete; from one point of view, even more complete than is necessary when working to convert the heathen. "To become all things to all men" has always been the standing rule for an apostle; to put this into practice as regards the Orthodox Easterns means to sacrifice one's love for and attachment to Latin rites and customs and to become Oriental to win the Orientals.

A Western missionary must pass over to the Eastern rite and become Eastern to save the Easterns; without that, his labour will be useless and possibly even harmful, for, even unwillingly and unwittingly, by his example, by the example of his attachment to the Latin rite, he will always draw those who fall under his influence to the Latin rite, and his work will ever be a propagation of that rite.

We must have, therefore, Oriental branches of divers Religious Orders and Congregations of the West. We have already several houses of Belgian Redemptorist Fathers, who have adopted the Græco-Slavonic Rite. These Fathers have given missions to Ukranian emigrants to Canada, and they are now giving them in Eastern Galicia. The people flock enthusiastically to these missions. There is a Noviciate house that is rapidly filling with young men. These Religious, within the last few years, have rendered such splendid service to the Church that it is with joy and great thankfulness that I speak of it to-day: but so vast is the amount of work to be done that I hardly dare hope for any to follow their example, for no Order or Congregation is able in one generation to produce thousands of labourers.

We have already seen that the Eastern monks, in spite of all that one can reproach them with, are an element that must be considered by those who will work for the reunion of the Churches. We must, then, keep them in mind and try to win them to our side. In order to win them over, we must have a monastic system that will keep all the good traditions of the Fathers of the Church as well as and better than they keep them. We need a monastic system that, while it is entirely Oriental, is also a living organization like

those of the Latin Church. It must be based on the Eastern Canon Law, yet never break away from the principles of the Western Canon Law. In order that Catholicism may more completely penetrate the East and make the bonds between East and West closer and more numerous, it probably would be most desirable that many Orientals should enter Western religious institutes, while keeping to their own rite, as is but reasonable, and that many Western Catholics should become Eastern monks. It seems to me that, on both sides, this mutual penetration is necessary, for we must not hide the fact that a Roman Catholic who has gone over to the Eastern rite, as well as a Latin Congregation that is starting to form an Oriental Branch, must for some time try to gain the confidence of the Orientals: they must (allow me the expression) win forgiveness for having been Latins. Seeing the prejudices heaped up for centuries, they will be suspected for a time of not being sincerely Oriental and of wishing to Latinize others while being outwardly Oriental themselves. To convince the Orientals of its sincerity, a Congregation cannot do better than have members of Eastern birth; nor can individuals do better than join Eastern Orders.

In this way we shall draw near to one another imperceptibly; we shall begin better to understand each other, realizing little by little the ideal of unity—"Cor unum et anima una." The bridge over which the Orientals will pass to Catholic unity must be built upon these two foundation stones: Western Congregations organizing Eastern branches of their family tree; Eastern Orders drawing recruits from the West: Western organization transplanted in the East; Eastern monasticism organizing and reinforcing itself by Western elements.

The Eastern Churches united to Rome have not as yet been able to produce that growth of the religious life that we so much admire and well-nigh envy. It is so necessary to give it to them, to help the vigour hidden in these people of the East, that it would be an enormous step towards the return of the Orient to unity could we produce these fruits of the evangelical counsels. Jesus Christ Himself points out the road to us. The fields are already white to harvest, but the labourers are few. Let us therefore beseech the Master of the harvest that He will vouchsafe to send many labourers into His field.

✠ ANDREW,
Metropolitan of Lemberg.

A WEEK-END VIGIL WITH THE TRAPPISTS

AS I approached the neighbourhood of my goal, on foot as befits a pilgrim, and came to a cross-ways, I saw an old man sitting on a fence engaged in the ancient rural pastime of whittling a stick. On my inquiring if he knew which road led to the Cistercian monastery, he stared at me in gloomy meditation for a moment, and after depositing a generous mouthful of tobacco juice a perfectly incredible distance across the macadam, he replied:

"I'll allow thet I do, though I hain't never been what you'd call sociable like up there. Them fellers hev lived together for years and never say a word to each other. 'Tain't nachral, nohow. There orter be a law agin 'em, I say! They dress in night-shirts all the time. Land o' Goshen, ain't thet the durndest fule idear thet ever entered a humin head?"

He waved his stick with heavy disapproval toward one of the roads.

Hoping inwardly that my own impression of La Trappe in Rhode Island would prove more favourable, I thanked my informant and passed on. Presently the bell-tower of the Abbey of Our Lady of the Valley rose above some splendid elms, and in a few minutes I perceived a tall monk, in the dark brown habit of a lay-Brother, walking briskly toward me down the path. For an instant he paused, and gazed at me with eyes that bore something of the twilight in their depths, something of its mystery, of its lights and shadows and much of its drawing beauty, the eyes of a typical Religious. I scribbled a few lines on a card. The monk's smile was like a flash of radium.

"As Guest-Master," he said, "I have permission to speak when speech is expedient."

The Hostel was not quite full, it seemed, and the Fathers would be glad to put me up for a few days. I followed my cicerone through the rather bare great hall of the abbey and up a flight of stairs which gave on a corridor, flanked on either side by the small but comfortably furnished chambers set apart for visitors. I had just arrived in time for the evening collation, it seemed, and the Brother volunteered to

escort me to the refectory. Soon I found myself standing, one of ten or twelve, at the long, narrow table in the little dining-room used for the entertainment of guests, while a long, lean, lachrymose secular priest said grace. Two vegetable dishes were to be had, also ducks' eggs, bread, butter and coffee. While these things were going the rounds I gave myself up to a furtive survey of my neighbours.

There were a few retreatant business men, all preternaturally solemn; there was the priest who had had, it appeared, a difference with his Bishop, and who had come to this tranquil solitude to cool off in a shower of prayer and penance; there was the rich young man who sorrowed as he meditated over the secret of happiness; there was the honest old Irishman who huddled close to the Trappists because they revived in his lonely heart a memory of his native glen of Roscrea; there was the seminarian who had made a botch of his course and had gone into the silence to consider what might be done about it; there were the relatives of some of the monks, who derived a fleeting, poignant pleasure out of the presence of their cloistered loved ones, so near and yet so far; there were the "familiars," nondescript fragments of humanity, impossible to place, defying analysis, blissfully content to serve as Sub-Lay-Brethren, as it were, without vows, for the rest of their days, merely in return for enough to eat and a place to sleep; there was also a roguish small boy, as fidgety in the obligatory silence during the meal as a gay little mouse in a morgue.

The food, while plain, was excellently cooked; the coffee, the norm whereby you can infallibly gauge the state of grace of cooks in religious houses, was even delicious. Presently, the tearful looking priest uttered a low thanksgiving, and we filed sedately out. On the veranda his reverence was blinking at me like a speculative Medusa. I made my escape into the garden, eager to be alone, anxious to sort out my thoughts.

As elsewhere, the harsh, insistent chirp of that miserable little alien, the English sparrow, was the dominant bird-voice around the Abbey, though the call of the oriole was heard occasionally above its harsh chatter, and a few robins skimmed over the fields. An orderly vegetation was rampant about me, and its radiant green bore mute testimony to the tireless energy of the monks. To a lone farmer, I reflected, the prospect of making this desolate waste pro-

ductive would have seemed hopeless, but co-operative fraternal labour had accomplished what the individual could not attempt. It takes life to beget life, and in their animal vigour, their powers of endurance, their zest for hard work, the Trappists are titanic eruptions of life itself. At intervals, cowled figures passed me, each in the wake of a troop of sleek, well-fed looking cows, intent on gently driving their bovine charges into shelter for the night. The contented lowing of the kine and the propinquity of other domestic animals made the scene peculiarly pastoral. I was seeing Millet pictures. A curious air of detachment and of intense preoccupation with other things was to be noted about these monks, but they moved with a sure tread about their tasks, and the friendliness of the dumb animals in their midst was eloquent proof that these suffered no neglect. Cows, horses, oxen, pigs, rabbits, fowl—all were sent to their quarters for the night with reassuring pats, such as a sleeping mother might give to a timid child. What might be a commonplace deadly monotonous routine, was exalted into something enormously thrilling, something superlatively fine, by the supernatural motive which animated them. Theirs was what Meredith called "the rapture of the forward view."

Very slowly, I walked back toward the Abbey. Ringed in with mountains that fell broadly to their foothills, lapped in milky air, fashioned by patient hands out of the rough field stone of the region into a thing of solid beauty, stately and massive and pregnant with quiet, it loomed up with a persuasive, consoling assurance that the peace that passeth understanding might still be attained, even in this age and in this land. The mystical, languorous atmosphere of dusk that so powerfully affects the soul, surrounded me. It was as though the still, moonlit air palpitated with invisible hosts, living, watching presences, as if the veil between had suddenly grown thin. In this sacred haunt of a high commerce with the unseen, it seemed plausible, indeed, that

> The angels keep their ancient places,
> Turn but a stone, and start a wing;
> 'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangéd faces,
> That miss the many-splendoured thing!

A sense of gentle, expectant awe pervaded everything in nature. Then, from the mediæval bell-tower, a replica of the tower that crowns the venerable Mother-House of the Order at Citeaux, came the solemn, silvery warning that life en-

dures for but a moment, and all our ways go down to death. The hour of *Compline* was at hand.

I entered the very devotional little chapel and knelt at one of the *prie-Dieus* reserved for house-guests. The monks, like a covey of doves, fluttered into the choir and moved noiselessly toward their respective places, Our Lady's high chivalry, begrimed after the day's toil, but fervent. I looked with interest at their faces.

Before me were men whose figures had been bathed in all the colours of life's spectrum, men who had abandoned all sorts of avocations in the world to dwell in this distant Abbey, the sentinels of silence. Here were the faces of unearthly mystics, of ruminating oxen, and, perhaps, of gagged devils. There were faces of men who had seen Hell and of men who were still seeing it. And on every face was the strange mask that only perpetual silence gives. They had come to La Trappe in their prime and full of vigour; now they were dying out, and comparatively few came to take their places, for materialism's foul blight darkened the intellect, paralyzed the heart, and tainted the times. Inside their Gothic stalls the monks stood, Mary's poor, white-clad children, many of their wasted bodies bent with long years of prayer and penance—and rheumatism. Their thin, cracked voices rose and fell with the regular beat of the rhythm as they chanted the Psalms. Then the end came, and a silent interval for the examination of conscience, and finally, the sweet, sonorous refrain of the *Salve*.

"*O clemens*," they sobbed, "*O pia*," and in a whisper of ecstatic love, "*O dulcis Virgo Maria!*" As one listened to that majestic stream of song one forgot their tottering decrepitude; these monks sang as angels might sing, wandering in the flowery glades of Paradise. Still thrilling with the melody of it, the ghostly procession of Trappists passed through the door for the fleeting period they spent in sleep. Each in his turn made an obeisance in the direction of a tall monk poised at the threshold, on whose breast gleamed an abbatial cross, and in reward felt his anointing sprinkle of holy water on their heads. Overwhelmed by a sense of my own unworthiness in that saintly throng, I joined the other guests, who brought up the rear, looking curiously at the waiting monk. His face was as inscrutable as that of a dead man. At the moment, in its utter lack of expression, it reminded me of a drawn-down window-blind; by reason

of its very blankness it was extraordinarily significant. And I thought what a wonderful poker-player this man would make! He was Dom Edmond, the famous Abbot of Gethsemane, on a visit to this house, and, as guest of honour, performing the exquisite little courtesy with which the Trappists close their day and, until the next dawn, bid all in their midst good-bye, in its quaint and gracious Catholic sense of "God be with you!"

Musing of this legendary character in American life, for whom the world once had much to offer, I crept through the silence to my room. Did his life of contemplation bring him some new knowledge of God different from that obtained with ordinary grace by common mortals? I lit the lamp, took a book out of my suit-case, and presently read:

> Faith is the sole proximate and proportionate means of the soul's union with God, seeing that there is no other alternative but that God is either seen or believed in. . . . . And thus by this means alone, that is faith, God manifests Himself to the soul in the divine light which surpasses all understanding, and therefore the greater the faith of the soul the more is that soul united to God. . . . . Such a one must walk by faith with his understanding in darkness, and in the obscurity of faith only. . . . . It is therefore plain that the soul which would in this life be united with God and commune immediately with Him must unite itself to Him in the cloud.[1]

I thought of Dom Edmond and his gambler-like visage, and I understood. He and his brethren must know well the terrible thrill that attends great games of chance; against tremendous odds, they had put their all on heavenly stakes; the sky was their limit. I fell asleep thinking of their faces, the strange agglomeration of faces I had seen in the Choir. Well, suppose there *were* men here who had lived life to the lawless full; suppose they *had* drained the bitter cup of experience to its very lees; suppose they had not only seen all the evil under the sun, but had wrought that evil, what else could they produce but a marvel? Put in one half of a man's brain the consciousness of having committed many transgressions, and in the other half a flaming idealism, a vision of the highest, a constant gnawing for release, and you have an immortal soul trying to repair an all-but infinite injury—and that is the most august thing in the world.

[1] *Ascent of Mount Carmel*, by St. John of the Cross, Bk. II., ch. ix., §§ 1 and 4.

"*Benedicamus Domino!*" cried the Guest-Master with gentle insistence, at an outrageously early hour the next morning, punctuating the broad hint by loud knocks on my door.

"*Deo Gratias!*" I responded with a yawn, preparing to descend for High Mass and the exercises of the retreat. In the two full, interesting days that followed I had ample opportunity to observe the fidelity with which the Trappists adhere to the following ambitious routine:

a.m.	
2.00	Matins and Lauds of Office of B.V.M. (1.00 a.m. Sundays and principal feasts.)
2.30	Meditation.
3.00	Matins of Canonical Office.
4.00	Masses.
5.30	Prime.
6.00	Chapter.
6.30	Breakfast, arrangement of dormitory, etc.
7.00	Community (High) Mass.
8.00	Manual labour.
10.30	Interval for study.
10.40	Sext.
11.00	Dinner.
11.30	Siesta.
p.m.	
1.00	None. Interval for study.
2.00	Manual labour.
4.30	Interval for study.
5.15	Vespers—Meditation.
6.00	Light collation.
7.10	Lecture.
7.25	Compline—*Salve Regina*—examination of conscience.
8.00	Repose. (7.00 in winter.)

For the philosopher, there is abundant food for thought in the presence of Cistercians in this sequestered corner of rural New England, where, but a few decades ago, the predominant influence was strongly Puritan. We have, in recent times, been surfeited with information as to what the Pilgrims and their followers did *for* this country; what they did *to* it has passed almost unnoted, though the blight of their bigotry still casts its dark shadows on all sides. Puritan smugness, Puritan predestination, Puritan hatred of all loveliness, Puritan inhibition of every æsthetic impulse, Puritan aversion for the common joys of life—these form the hateful heritage of hypocrisy which makes us, in the eyes of Europeans, a nation of Pecksniffs and Uriah Heeps. One cannot fail to be struck by the contrast these white-robed brethren afford in their novel environment, between Puritanical repression for the sake of repression, and a life of renunciation tempered by the sanity and immemorial wisdom

of our ancient Faith. Unlike the Puritans, the Trappists are severe only toward themselves. They are the spiritual heirs of the early solitaries of the Thebaid, those first mighty giants of the Church, those men of violent energy of nature, of bursting fire of heart, of toughest heroism of life—men who could starve and scourge and stifle with terrific pressure the insidious suggestions of the flesh and the open assaults of the devil. With others, they are so forcibly human, so simple and so very kind, that they inspire only the deepest affection and the most profound respect. The propinquity of these gentle Cistercians for nearly a quarter of a century, has had a softening influence on the asperities of some of the rudest natures. When the monks first appeared on the country roads about Valley Falls the natives stoned them. Now, each year shows an increasing number of conversions.

Since a monastery is a world in little, various trades must be carried on within its domain. The monks do not always abandon the avocations they followed as laymen, but employ them according to their adaptability to the needs of their monastic home. Caste distinctions do not exist, no more than they did in the great business of the war. Where all have become fools for Christ's sake, where all have turned their backs upon the empty strivings in the worldly maze that sow uncharity in human hearts, vision is clarified and a single aim is really possible. Among the Trappists, the only object of value is the soul of each and the virtues that illuminate it. Degrees in spiritual perfection are the only differentiations they are prepared to recognize, but those for the most part are hidden. Besides being a measure making for greater spiritual efficiency, the vow of perpetual silence which Trappists take is an act of self-restraint which, in a heterogeneous body of men of diverse temperament and varying intelligence, limits the chance of friction which the clash of opinions might cause to the great detriment of the fraternal spirit, that mystical fellowship with one another which enables their frail humanity to bear so much.

It is the man in the enclosure who sways the world, not the man in the street, whether the enclosure be an office in a business skyscraper or a cell in a monastery. Think of Mendel, the Augustinian Prior, whose experiments on peas in the quiet of his convent garden laid the foundations for new theories of genesis and heredity which surpass those of Darwin in importance. Think of Fabre, the celebrated

entomologist and natural philosopher, living in a tiny peasant's cottage in an obscure corner of his beloved France!

Individualism—the pursuit of personal advantage—is the dominant note in our life. The prevalent craze for pleasure and self-indulgence in this troubled period bespeaks a vital need for more ascetism. Our generation urgently requires more self-restraint, more discipline, not the absurd caricature of discipline, whereby the Puritan turns the means into an end, but that nobler control whereby a man becomes his own master. The will, the backbone of all personal life, cannot be developed in an atmosphere of laxity. Our people are like soldiers out of luck because they have forgotten the pass-word. That pass-word is obedience. The daily existence of a Trappist is a mute eloquent appeal to the conscience of the world to believe again in discipline and self-control.

Of all the ancient marks of the Church, the most consoling at this time is the second, that which we call Holiness. It gives us a ready and devastating answer for the rascals who proclaim that the Catholic Faith is nothing but a corrupt political system disguised as a religion. If that is so, why is it that this individuating note of holiness has persisted universally through the ages to our own day, whether it be found among the black aborigines of Uganda or the splendid men and women of America? Nowhere else but in the Catholic Church is there to be found such a universal heroicity of virtue; it is this unique quality of widespread sanctity that shows she is divine. The Catholic Church alone produces saints, men, women and children, who have won such union with God that they seem to share His omnipotence, can suspend in the process of His service the natural laws He has established. The name of these effective, prayerful intermediaries between us and God is legion. The most virulent bigot cannot explain away or minimize that fact. Herein lies the peculiar worth of the purely Contemplative Orders. They are composed of specialists in holiness. By their intense preoccupation with the main business of created life, union with the Creator, they help to perpetuate this historic note of the Church; they increase its richness and add to its quality. For this magnificent service, they deserve our devout thanks and cordial appreciation and support.

The monks at the Abbey of Our Lady of the Valley have a vision of a great monastery, wherein decent facilities shall

be found to minister to the spiritual and temporal wants of the passing wayfarers, many of them poor, broken shards of the potter, helpless otherwise and hopeless, asking to be gathered up in Christ's love. These gentle Cistercians dream of long rows of Gothic stalls filled with Mary's minstrels, whose sonorous serenade of the *Salve* shall gladden the heart of the Queen of Heaven for ever, of a thriving foundation where, day and night, a host of white-robed young troubadors shall send up a sweet chaunt of praise to the glory of God. They feel that the age-old miracle of grace, whereby millions in the past have been inspired to choose "the better part" and follow with reverent steps the sacred feet of their Saviour along the way of the Cross, must continue its work even in unimaginative, materialistic America. Is their presence in the Rhode Island countryside but a wistful interlude, the pathetic threnody of a past that was beautiful, of a past that has vanished, of an ideal that is hopelessly out of tune with our times?

It cannot be, if this foundation attracts many more subjects like my friend, the Guest-Master. He was contentment personified.

"Don't you ever feel bored?" I asked, as we stood in the garden saying good-bye.

The monk gazed at me in pained surprise.

"It is a beautiful life here," he said in a tone of soft rebuke. "We never have time to feel bored. When I come out from chapel vigil at dawn and view the startled emerald of the grass and watch that little brook all shining hurry, running like a silver ribbon between those lovely flowers, I feel close-folded to the very Heart of God. The morning mist rises like a cool white hand and sweeps my weariness away. Work and prayer, work and prayer, all day long! At night——"

"But the world has many bewildering pleasures. Don't they ever beckon you?"

The monk looked at me and smiled. It is a time-honoured figure of speech that the eyes are the windows of the soul. His seemed to be sitting on the sill looking out at me, looking out with a glimmer of the radiance that comes from such nearness as God permits to His own.

"Sometimes I think of the things you mention," he admitted. "Sometimes, when I pause beside this little brook, whose waters are ever rushing out into the great world amidst

the things I shall never see again and the people I shall never know, dreams come—and it is not always easy to bid them go! But the brook is only restless till it reaches ocean. And the ocean of God's peace is already here."

We said good-bye very briefly. With his honest "God bless you!" ringing in my ears, I watched him until he was lost in the shadows, his head bowed, his hands tucked in his wide sleeves, a magnificent collie bounding at his feet.

None who has never sojourned at a religious house knows in these times the meaning of genuine Catholic hospitality. It seemed hard to leave this tranquil spot. In these days of strenuous commercialism, there sometimes comes over us a feeling that life has lost much of its old, poignant appeal. Everything seems to be subordinate to a pursuit of the elusive lucre. Sometimes we find an oasis. The Abbey of Our Lady of the Valley is one of these. Here is a place where the vampire of modernity cannot find entrance, a fragment of the dream that held in its mystic spell the white-souled Middle Ages. It is thus an ideal haven for a spiritual retreat, of which we all from time to time have need. For who is there that lives from year in to year out without some trouble of conscience, some disorderly motive or habit, some difficulty of mind or heart, be it of doubt or diffidence, in the service of God? Who is there who is always entirely at ease and free from scruples and spiritual delusions? Who has his imagination always under control? Who is there that grasps the principles of eternal life as strongly as he grasps those of temporal life? Who can be fully satisfied with what he knows of Christ?

The Trappists are wonderfully right. "Better is the sight of the eyes than the wandering of the desire." The wise man will pluck a lesson from the daisy at his feet rather than get a stiff neck peering for it in the stars above his head. Looking at the uncompassionate fret on the countenances of those about me in the train speeding toward New York, I saw again the placid face of the Guest-Master, and I thought of the wisdom garnered from the wise King's experience—"Vanity of vanities and all is vanity," to which the Christian à Kempis adds—"except to love God and to serve Him only."

H. A. ALLEN.

A NEW STOREHOUSE OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

DOES there exist anywhere in Great Britain or in Ireland, I would even add in the United States, a public library in which the Catholic literature of the world is adequately represented, or I should rather say adequately presented as such? One is tempted to answer at once, that belonging to the British Museum. And certainly the library of the British Museum is the nearest approach to a collection such as I have in mind. Yet can it be said that even there Catholic literature as such is adequately represented? The present writer does not care to venture a decided Yes or No. But he is clear on two points. First, the British Museum Library is the only one in these countries in which the Catholic literature of the world can be said to be really represented with any approach to adequacy. True, there is the Bodleian, rivalling the British Museum itself, there is the University Library, Cambridge, which contains the vast historical collections of the late Lord Acton, there are the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and Trinity College, Dublin, which share with the Bodleian and the British Museum the privilege of receiving a copy of every book printed in Great Britain, and there are many great collections in the United States. Nevertheless, I hold to this first point. The second point is this—even supposing the British Museum Library to contain a fairly full collection of the Catholic literature of the world, still that literature is necessarily scattered and mixed up with a heterogeneous mass of other writings and is thus relatively inaccessible. If that be so, I would put in a plea for the creation of Catholic reference libraries in certain great centres of population.[1] I shall at the same time take occasion to mention an enterprise of this kind which has been successfully started in Ireland.

The advantages of libraries that specialize in particular subjects are widely acknowledged. They may be summed up in the words *segregation* and *concentration*. If these advantages are to be found in libraries that specialize in sociology, as does the Plunkett House collection in Dublin, history, as does the Acton Collection at Cambridge, theology,

[1] Not of course to supplant existing libraries, but merely to supplement them.

as does St. Deiniol's Library founded by Mr. Gladstone, and Dr. William's Library in London, why should they not be found in a library specializing in Catholicism. But whereas other homogeneous collections have chiefly in view the needs of students and specialists, a Catholic library, such as I have in mind, should also aim at benefiting the general public. How real that benefit may be will not, I think, be very difficult to set forth.

Writing for Catholics, I take for granted their conviction that, between religious and moral truth and religious and moral error, there is a difference as of light and darkness, sound food and poison. On the shelves of the ordinary public library, books that teach moral and religious error stand side by side with those that teach what we know to be the truth. For such as are well-instructed in such matters, moderately acquainted with the literature of the subject, or in a position to avail themselves of competent guidance, this is a matter of little consequence. In any case, it is quite unavoidable. But for the uninformed and unguided Catholic layman it is a serious drawback and may be a serious danger. Now I fear there are a great many Catholic layfolk who know little or nothing of Catholic literature, who, when studying subjects wherein Catholic teaching is involved, would not know what Catholic books to consult. On the other hand, I think I am doing no injustice to the staffs of the principal libraries in these countries in saying that few of them include a specialist in Catholic literature. Nor is much help and guidance to be had from bibliography.[1] A great library, in this respect, is like a chemist's shop wherein the use of "poison-labels" had not been adopted and the assistant was incompetent. The advantages, then, to the general Catholic public of a library in which the literature of their faith would be set apart, segregated so to speak, from the vast mass of religious, semi-religious, non-religious, and anti-religious literature would seem to be clear. The advantage of this segregation is, of course, merely practical. It is not implied that segregation of thought should accompany this segregation of books, at all events in the case of students. These should study Catholicism as they would a

[1] Specifically Catholic bibliography in English is almost non-existent. Of late years, however, something has been done by way of providing guides to Catholic reading. We may mention Fr. Reville's *My Bookcase* and Fr. Rickard's *Introduction to Catholic Reading*. The Catalogue of the Bexhill Library, now belonging to the C.T.S. of England, is also a most useful guide.

secular science, and the knowledge of no science is complete without knowledge of its interactions and inter-relations with other sciences. Sociology is incomplete without economics on the one side and ethics on the other. So light is shed on the Christian faith by the study of rival religions and philosophies. And of course there are many subjects quite apart from Catholicism that are worthy of our study.

The practical advantages of concentration are also very great. The public library strives to range upon its shelves literature representative of every department of human knowledge. As a result it seldom succeeds in bringing together a really complete collection in any one department. Subjects least favoured by the public at large naturally fare worst. And who but will admit that in these countries Catholicism is to be counted among such subjects? On the other hand, an exclusive collection can husband its funds and provide competent guides. A library of economics, for instance, having no concern with folklore, music, poetry, archæology, etc., etc., can reserve the energy and resources that would have been expended on these various subjects, and, what is even more important, its staff need only be experts in economics. As such, they would always be on the watch for books bearing on their subject and would be ready to spend time and labour in procuring them. So in regard to a library of Catholicism. Its scope is wide enough in all conscience, as shall presently appear. Yet consider the gain in concentration, as well as the saving of expense, by the elimination of such vast departments as classical antiquity, the main bulk of Oriental literature, the non-Catholic literature of modern nations, the pure sciences, all technical and professional literature—law, medicine, the arts and crafts, sports and pastimes, and so forth. Moreover, the staff, familiar with Catholic tradition and thought, would know what to search for and would gather to their store, the works, say, of such authors as Bellarmine, Segneri, Luis of Granada, Balmes, Donoso Cortes, Ozanam, Veuillot, Gratry, Orestes Brownson, Kenelm Digby, Ketteler, and a hundred others, prized by experts in Catholic literature but not even names to the non-Catholic librarian. Even in less serious departments, only the Catholic would be keen to know what authors were of his faith, and seek out the writers who have presented the Catholic point of view under the guise of fiction or on such questions as Evolution, Eugenics, Spiritism, and Marriage.

Another not inconsiderable advantage would accrue to Catholics from such concentration of the literature of the Faith. The wealth and value, perhaps unsuspected before, of that literature would thereby at once appear. I have found that to many a highly-educated Catholic the view of such a collection, even in an inchoate state, is a veritable revelation. They had been wholly unaware that on such and such subjects Catholicism had said anything worth while. Thus a Catholic library would be a permanent exhibition of Catholic achievement in the realm of thought. Its value as a mere showplace would be undeniable.

But for Catholics it would be much more than that. It would be a great storehouse and treasury of Catholic thought. Now, though Catholics claim no monopoly of truth, still in religious matters they believe themselves to be in the truth, and the Catholic viewpoint is to them of transcendent importance because they know it to be the correct viewpoint, the viewpoint whence the truth is visible. The average Catholic, like any other average man, reads, not to contradict and confute, but either to solace and amuse himself, or to refresh his intellect and imagination, or to acquire information which he believes to be reliable, that is to say true. In such a library as I am supposing, he may find wherewith to satisfy all of these aims and purposes. Catholic authors have produced belles-lettres that need fear no comparisons, there are great Catholic thinkers and imaginative writers that are not inferior to any rivals. But above all, if such an average reader chooses subjects that fall within the domain of religion he will naturally be contented to feel himself on safe ground, glad to know that he is moving within the realm of truth.

Such a library, again, might well serve, at least for those who do not enjoy the advantages of ecclesiastical establishments, as a centre of Catholic studies. For writers, and, in particular, journalists, for amateur apologists, for those engaged in the work of education, for anybody, in fine, who may wish to ascertain the Catholic point of view on any subject, such a library ought to be a boon. Study clubs, debating societies and reading circles might make it their centre. Finally it ought to be a source of inspiration for Catholic *action*. It would naturally contain the literature belonging to every form of Catholic endeavour, social, charitable, religious, educational. One should there be able to learn what is be-

ing done in other Catholic countries, and gain valuable information as to methods and means. It could be a veritable power-house wherein thought would first be stored and then transmuted into activity.

It was doubtless in view of such considerations as these, or through an instinctive perception of them, that Catholic libraries came to be founded. But the great majority of Catholic libraries are simply collections of wholesome reading intended for Catholics and not Catholic libraries in the sense I am endeavouring to set forth. Only in quite recent times, I think, has the latter type of library been attempted, at least in these countries. There is now the famous Bexhill Library, world-wide in its activities and doing a world of good, the excellent library of the Catholic Reading Guild, and two Catholic reference libraries in London. All these are, of course, libraries that deal chiefly with the Faith and all kindred topics, but they do not exclude non-Catholic literature.[1] The same is true of such Catholic libraries on the Continent as the writer happens to be acquainted with. Three may be mentioned as examples. The *Bibliothèque Choisie* of Louvain possessed before the war some 200,000 volumes, and had branches in every important town in Belgium. Its scope was by no means confined to Catholic literature, but extended practically to all literature not injurious to faith or morals. Somewhat similar is the *Bibliothèque Centrale d'Etudes* at Paris. It is directed by a priest and is thoroughly Catholic in spirit, but, as it aims at being of general assistance to students, it does not specialize exclusively in Catholicism. The same is true of the fine library of the *Société Bibliographique* of Paris. There exist also in France several important *œuvres* on the lines of the Catholic Reading Guild, which supply books, and even libraries, to places and institutions that are in need of them. The aim of all of them is wide distribution and propaganda, not concentration and rich accumulation.

The idea of a library of religion is not one of which Catholics have any monopoly. St. Deiniol's Library at Hawarden, though other branches of learning are represented in it, was founded by Mr. Gladstone "for the promotion of divine learning," and is mainly theological. The Bede Library of the Christian Faith was founded a few years ago

[1] Moreover, the Bexhill (now the C.T.S.) Library has hitherto at least been essentially a lending library, and so must needs multiply stocks of books in general demand.

"to provide a reading room and lending library in which people interested in religion may be able to find such literature as will afford the information and instruction they need." And there is the still better known library in Gordon Square, London, founded by Dr. Williams and known by his name.

In Dublin a modest beginning in the formation of a Catholic library has recently been made. A brief account of its history and a description of its distinguishing features may fitly close this article. The project was set on foot in January, 1922, with a capital of £200, but without books and without premises. Rooms, suitable but unfurnished, and at a heavy rent, were secured in the centre of the city, 34, Westmoreland Street. The collection of books was then begun. At the date of writing the stock is still somewhat under four thousand, but it should be remembered that such a number, insignificant enough in the case of a library for general purposes, is, in the case of a specialist library, not altogether unimportant. The library was opened to the public on June 25th of last year, and it has ever since been kept open seven days in the week from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m., and that entirely by voluntary help. Its official title in Irish is Leabharlann an Chreidimh (the Library of the Faith), with the alternative name, Central Catholic Library. As the Gaelic title implies, it specializes in Catholicism, that is to say, its scope is confined to literature that directly or indirectly concerns the Catholic Faith and that at the same time is not written from a hostile standpoint. Books by non-Catholic writers are not entirely excluded from the scope as so defined. But the library makes no pretence of being a library for general purposes. It is no more than a small supplement to the great libraries, Trinity College and the National Library, which are at a distance from it of only a few minutes' walk. Yet, notwithstanding this relatively narrow scope, its possibilities are great, as may be judged from the following list of the departments into which it is divided:

0, Works of Reference and Bibliography; 1, Scripture; 2, Life of Christ; 3, Patrology; 4, History (Ecclesiastical); 5, History (Profane); 6, Apologetics and Doctrine; 7, Theology (Dogmatic); 8, Theology (Moral) and Canon Law; 9, Catholic Life (Intellectual, Moral, and Social); 10, Philosophy; 11, Saints; 12, Catholic Biography (including a very interesting set of books dealing with Conversions); 13, Social Theory and

Practice; 14, Catholic Works of Zeal, Propaganda, etc. 15, Foreign Missions; 16, The Ecclesiastical State; 17, Education; 18, The Church Abroad; 19, Sacred Art and Archæology; 20, Sacred Music; 21, Liturgy; 22, The Church and Science; 23, The Spiritual Life; 24, Homiletical Literature; 25, Religion and Religions; 26, Belles Lettres (a) Fiction, (b) Poetry, (c) Plays, Essays, etc.; 27, Miscellaneous; 28, Periodicals; 29, Ireland and the Faith; 30, Illustrated Books. I venture to call particular attention to Sections 9, 18 and 29.

One of the objects of the library is to bring the Irish public into contact with the Catholic life and thought of Continental countries. The collection is already fairly rich in French books owing to the generosity of the French Consul and of the Comité Catholique des Amitiés Françaises, and to a collection made in Paris by the Abbé Flynn, curé of Ménilmontant. Efforts are being made with a view to securing books in the principal languages of Europe.

The remaining features of the library may be briefly indicated. It does not at present lend out its books,[1] but preparations are being made for the starting of a lending department. It is owned and managed by an association of priests and of laymen representing various professions, and is under the direct patronage of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. It is open free to all and is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. We invite the kind co-operation of readers of this Review.[2]

Lastly, on many sides and in unexpected quarters the enterprise has met with sympathy and help. Kindred works, such as the Catholic Truth Societies of Ireland, England and India, and the Bexhill Library, have given welcome encouragement and even substantial help. Many books were collected for us in Paris, in London and in Rome. Some fifty helpers devote a portion of their time every week to assisting in the reading room. If more financial aid has not been forthcoming that is doubtless due to the crisis through which our country is passing.

S. J. BROWN.

[1] I am strongly of opinion that a library which from the outset lends its books can never become a serious *reference* library. It is proposed in the present instance to make the lending department an entirely separate concern.

[2] Communications may be addressed to the Hon. Librarian, Central Catholic Library, 34, Westmoreland Street.

THE RELICS OF ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY AT LISIEUX

LISIEUX is noted in the guide-books as a place worth a visit for the sake of its twelfth-century cathedral and its quaint old timbered houses. But it has never been one of the great tourist centres of France, and it has no special attraction for the mere pleasure-seeking holiday crowd. In recent years it has had many visitors of another kind—Catholics attracted to the little Norman city by the fame of that saint of our own time, the Carmelite Sœur Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus. Lisieux had thus become a place of pilgrimage long before its "Little Flower" had been declared Venerable by Benedict XV. Now that she has been beatified by his successor and her mortal remains have been taken from the grave to be enshrined in the new church of the Carmelite convent, there will be an increasing concourse of pilgrims to Lisieux.

For such visitors the chief points of interest will be the Carmel and the other places connected with the life of Blessed Thérèse. But for those who come from England, Lisieux has another place well worth a loving and pious visit —a sanctuary and shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

When I first visited the city I heard that at the altar of the "Hospice" chapel there were some relics of St. Thomas. I thought they would probably be some small relics enclosed in the altar stone, and as my time was very limited I left Lisieux without finding out what an interesting place its Hospice was. When I visited Lisieux again last autumn I made my way to the Hospice. It is a great quadrangle of tall buildings looking somewhat like a barrack, with its plain façade, devoid of all ornament and its long rows of windows —storey above storey. It stands on the east side of the city, where, after going up the long slope of the Grande Rue—the main street of Lisieux—at the crossing the wide Boulevard, the Rue de Paris, begins. There is history in these names. The Boulevard marks the line of the old walls that defended Lisieux in the Middle Ages, and where the Grande Rue ends there once stood the Porte de Paris, for the Paris road of those days ran not southward but eastward by Evreux to the valley of the Seine.

The Hospice is an official institution, the refuge for the sick and the aged poor of Lisieux and the surrounding district. In England it would be known as the "workhouse" and the "poorhouse infirmary," but the Catholic tradition of France gives kindlier names to such places than those that came with the English poor laws. So at Lisieux the refuge of the poor is the "*Hospice*"—the city's "guest house." At Caen it is still more beautifully known as the "*Hôtel Dieu*" —"God's hostel." Despite the anti-clericalism of official France in recent years, at most of these refuges the guardians of the poor and the nurses of the sick are supplied by communities of nuns. It was a bright day when I visited the Hospice. Under the trees in the wide quadrangle many of the poor folk and invalids were seated enjoying the sun and air, and it was a pleasure to see the black veiled Sisters of Mercy moving about and chatting with them.

On the side of the quadrangle furthest from the Rue de Paris is the chapel, a small church detached from the adjacent range of buildings. It was erected in 1826 in the French Rennaissance style, and exteriorly is rather a plain and unattractive building. But interiorly it has been adorned and furnished in excellent taste and with a generous devotion to the beauty of God's house. Its patron is the martyr of Canterbury and the high altar enshrines his relics.

It is a remarkable shrine. All the space under the marble slab that forms the altar is a wide recess—its front being a sheet of plate glass fitted in between the pillars that support the altar table at each end. Behind the glass there is a life-sized wax figure of the Saint—a recumbent figure like the effigy on a tomb. It is robed in Mass vestments; other vestments are folded beside it and there are also a reliquary containing a fragment of bone, and a piece of linen darkly bloodstained. The sanctuary is a small one, and kneeling at the altar rail one can easily see everything in the shrine. Local tradition claims that the vestments are those worn by St. Thomas when he visited Lisieux and said Mass there during his exile in France.

Since my visit to Lisieux I have found that the existence of this shrine of St. Thomas is practically unknown in England. In Father John Morris's Life of the martyr there is an account of the existing relics of the saint, and many places are named where he is held in special honour and where there is a tradition of his having visited them. But Lisieux

is not in this long list. The question naturally suggests itself,—what is the origin of these relics and how come they to be enshrined in the Hospice chapel?

When I tried to find an answer to this question I soon realized that ordinary books of reference could not give any help. But I received much interesting information on the subject, and was put on the track of some more, when I entered into correspondence with M. Etienne Deville, the city librarian of Lisieux, and a most competent authority on all that concerns its local history. The library of Lisieux has a very valuable collection of material for this history in printed and manuscript documents and records, and M. Deville, besides being the librarian, is the archivist of the city. He wrote to me that he himself had been interested in the problem of the Hospice relics and he had made a special study of the subject. Most of the information that follows I owe to his kindly courtesy.

The Hospice—originally known as the Hôpital Général—was founded in 1672 by Léonor de Matignon, Bishop and Count of Lisieux, one of the noble and wealthy prelates of the days of Louis XIV. In the old episcopal palace near the cathedral (now secularized and used to house the Law Courts, the Library and the Museum), one sees the arms of the De Matignon family worked into the hammered iron balustrade of the great staircase and emblazoned on the gilded and painted ceiling of the hall of audience, the *Chambre Dorée*. The Bishop was a generous open-handed man of ambitious ideals. When he helped his sister, the Abbess de Matignon, to build a new church for the Benedictine convent of Lisieux, it was planned on such a vast scale that its huge masses of masonry proved too heavy for the foundations, and in a few years it had to be taken down and replaced by a more modest structure. He built more wisely when he founded his great hospital, which for two and a half centuries has been a house of good deeds. It survived the storm of the Revolution, and though the nuns were more than once expelled from it, they have resumed their place there as the best guardians of the poor.

Not long after the foundation of the new hospital the vestments of St. Thomas were enshrined in its chapel. They were transferred to it from the chapel of an older hospice in the centre of the city, long known as the Maison Dieu or the Hôtel Dieu. This hospice was already in existence in

the twelfth century when Bishop Arnulfus of Lisieux ("Arnulf," or to give his name its French form, "Arnoul") built a new chapel for it which was dedicated to St. Thomas. It was in this chapel that the vestments were kept as a precious treasure for some hundreds of years before De Matignon founded the newer hospice where they are venerated to-day.

Arnulf was Bishop of Lisieux from 1141 to 1184. He was one of the leading men in the Norman episcopate. In 1152 he officiated at the marriage of Henry Plantagenet, Count of Anjou (afterwards Henry II. of England), celebrated in his half-ruined cathedral, which had been seriously damaged by fire a few years before. About 1160 the Bishop began the erection of a new cathedral, replacing the earlier Norman structure by a building in the Gothic style. To this day we see Arnulf's work in the lower part of its western towers and in its nave and transept, with the southern doorway, known as the "*Porte de Paradis*," which Ruskin describes as "one of the most quaint and pleasing doors in all Normandy."

Arnulf's name recurs frequently in the story of St. Thomas. A friend of Henry II. since the early days when he was driving the partisans of Stephen of Blois from Normandy, he kept in close touch with him when he became King of England, and he acted as the King's envoy in many delicate negotiations, including more than one attempt to win the support of the Holy See in the dispute with St. Thomas. He must have known the saint in earlier days when he was acting as the King's chancellor and his representative in Normandy, before he became Archbishop of Canterbury. At this period their relations would be friendly. At the Council of Tours in 1163, where the Pope (Alexander III.) presided over a gathering of 17 Cardinals, 124 Bishops and 414 Abbots, Arnulf preached the opening sermon. On this occasion the Archbishop of Canterbury was given the place of honour, sitting on the right of the Pope, who just ten years later was to proclaim him a saint and martyr of Holy Church. On the Pope's left sat the Archbishop of York, Roger de Pont l'Evêque, who took his name from his birthplace, the little town a few miles north of Lisieux.

The King and the Archbishop of Canterbury were still good friends, but before the year was over the conflict between them was beginning. Arnulf of Lisieux, though at

times he wavered in his policy, was mostly on the King's side. When, after the long exile of St. Thomas, by the intervention of the French King and the Archbishop of Sens, it was arranged that the English King should meet the saint, and Henry solemnly engaged to acknowledge the rights of the See of Canterbury, Arnulf was present at the conferences. When, as it seemed, the dispute had been happily ended, he approached St. Thomas, and urged that all the dissensions of recent years should be forgotten. To quote Father Morris's life of the saint:

> The Bishop of Lisieux openly said that as the King had taken his followers into favour again the Saint ought to adopt a similar course towards all who had opposed him. He answered that the cases could not be classed together, but that as far as it was possible, he wished to be in peace and charity with all; and, having first consulted with the King, he would endeavour that every thing should be so arranged with reference to the honour of God and the Church, that if any failed in obtaining absolution (which God forbid), the blame would be chargeable upon themselves alone.[1]

I note this incident as fixing the date and circumstances of the latest meeting between St. Thomas and Arnulf, of which we have a clear historical record. Of the saint's subsequent movements we know that, after staying for awhile at Sens, he went by way of Paris to Rouen, and then travelled through French Flanders to Wissant, near Boulogne, where, in November, 1170, he embarked for England. He landed at Sandwich and went on to Canterbury. The King had not kept his engagements. The conflict over the rights of the Church had broken out again, and in the last week of December St. Thomas was slain in his cathedral.

There are several places in France and Flanders where vestments are preserved which are said to have been used by St. Thomas when he said Mass at one of the altars, though there is in some of these cases no historic record of his having visited them during his years of exile. This is the tradition connected with the vestments that have been kept as relics of the martyr at Lisieux during so many centuries. The local tradition places the visit in the year of his return to England. It tells how he visited Bishop Arnulf at Lisieux, and stayed at the old Hospice, where he said Mass. The new chapel was then being built. When the saint was canon-

[1] *Life and Martyrdom of St. Thomas Becket*, 2nd edition, p. 364.

ized in 1173, it was dedicated to him and the vestments he had used were enshrined in it as relics and memorials of his visit to the city. As M. Deville notes, it is a very old tradition and worthy of respect, though it is supported by no historical document.[1] Supposing it is well founded, St. Thomas would have visited Lisieux while he was staying at Rouen in the latter part of the summer of 1170.

Against the tradition is this absence of any contemporary record of the visit. In its favour is the fact that the martyrdom of St. Thomas was followed at once by evidences of a marked local devotion to the saint at Lisieux. M. Deville calls my attention to contemporary records of miracles, attributed to the saint's intercession, to be found in Canon Robertson's *Materials for the History of Thomas Becket*, in the Rolls Series—miracles taking place in the district of Lisieux. The new chapel of the Hôtel Dieu was dedicated to him as well as one of the chapels in the cathedral that Arnulf was then completing.

The vestments which have been the objects of veneration for centuries are five in number—an alb, tunic and chasuble and two dalmatics. Among experts who have examined them the only one who has challenged the traditional attribution of them to St. Thomas of Canterbury appears to be M. de Mely, who visited Lisieux in 1888, while engaged on his *Inventaire des Richesses d'art de la France*, and published a description of them in the *Revue de l'art chrétien* in 1891. Basing his argument chiefly on some of their ornaments, he connected them, not with St. Thomas of Canterbury, but with another English saint, St. Thomas of Hereford (Thomas de Cantelupe). He set forth his theory in his work published the same year under the title of *Les vêtements de St. Thomas de Canteloup à Lisieux*. I have not seen either of these documents, but M. Deville gives it as his opinion that M. de Mely's theory appears to him to be "untenable and somewhat fanciful" ("*insoutenable et plutôt fantaisiste*").

The other relics enshrined at the hospice of Lisieux—the bloodstained linen and the fragment of bone came to Lisieux from the altar of St. Thomas's Church at Touques, which would have obtained them originally from Canterbury.

[1] "La tradition relative au passage et au séjour de St. Thomas Becket à Lisieux" (he writes) "est très ancienne, très respectable, mais ne s'appuie sur aucun texte précis qui puisse le prouver, historiquement parlant."

Touques is a small town on the estuary of the river of the same name, the river which runs by Lisieux and Pont l'Evêque, and as it reaches the sea divides Trouville from Deauville. In the Middle Ages it was a port of some importance, and it has a beautiful church erected in the twelfth century and dedicated to St. Thomas. We have no historical record of his ever visiting it, but local tradition tells of such a visit during which, it is said, he laid the foundation-stone of the church that a few years later was dedicated to him. Another relic from Touques—a fragment of bone—is in the possession of the Bishop of Bayeux, the transept of whose cathedral has an altar of St. Thomas, with an artistic representation of his martyrdom on the wall above it.

I take it that the facts I have noted show that the shrine at the hospice of Lisieux, linked as its history is with the earlier shrine at the old Hôtel Dieu, is the monument of a local devotion to St. Thomas which has existed for over eight hundred years and whose origin carries us back to the days that immediately followed his martyrdom and canonization. We may grant that the story of his visit to Lisieux cannot be proved as a historical fact and rests only on a local tradition of early date, which, however, it is not easy to reconcile with some points in the record of the year to which it is generally assigned. But if it cannot be proved, it is also difficult to disprove it, and however this may be, the fact that the chapel of the Hôtel Dieu was a centre of devotion to the martyr within a few years of his triumph seems certain. And whatever may be the origin of the vestments the other relics have a good claim to be accepted as what they purport to be. There is many a famous shrine that has not so clear a record.

When I last visited the shrine at the Hospice there were with me three friends from England. We were all members of the Guild of Ransom and we said together the Guild prayers for the conversion of England. I hope that many other visitors from England, who find their way to Lisieux, will thus honour the martyr of Canterbury in the Norman city which has venerated him for so many centuries.

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

THE PROTESTANTISM OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH

WELCOME as the term "protestant" used to be to members of the Anglican Church, there are many who to-day would be indignant if the term were applied either to themselves or to their communion as a whole. Their hopes are centred on the East, and, in the East, orthodoxy in the matter of most doctrines which separate Protestant from Catholic is still esteemed. There are some even who dimly envisage a time when their Church shall be one, not with the East only, but also with the West to which once it belonged, and by right should still belong. They would be not merely Anglo-Catholics, nor yet merely Orthodox, but Catholics in deed and in truth.

One cannot but sympathize with such an attitude of mind, novel as it may seem to those familiar with Anglican history. One cannot but welcome the pious aspirations uttered to this end in the Report of the last Lambeth Conference, feeble as were the hopes therein expressed. The abolition of sectarianism, which has done, and is still doing, untold harm to the Christian cause, the restoration of unity to Christendom growing feebler in faith as it has grown weary of strife to which diverse faiths have led, cannot but appeal to all who sincerely desire that God's Kingdom may come and His will be done, as in heaven, so on earth. It should, therefore, be a matter of rejoicing that men, who by the positions they occupy in the Anglican Church must be judged competent to express her mind, should have given us in *Anglican Essays*[1] a statement of what it is they ask of us. Too often does one hear the phrase repeated: with Rome as she is, reunion is for Anglicans impossible; and this no less by High Anglicans than by Low. Now we know the price which Anglicans who represent, if not all sections, at any rate a vast section of their communion, would ask us to pay for the reunion which we desire no less than they.

[1] *Anglican Essays: A Collective Review of the Principles and Special Opportunities of the Anglican Communion as Catholic and Reformed.* London: Macmillan and Co., 1923, pp. x. and 337, 12s. 6d. net.

The main purpose of these *Anglican Essays* is stated in the Preface:

The writers of the Essays have all of them had in view the great end of the ultimate reunion of Christendom, so that the whole Catholic Church might confront its task of Christianising the world as visibly and co-operatively one Body. Yet there can be no reunion between us and a great and venerable part of the Western Church till, to quote Archbishop Laud's words, "Rome is other than she is." Nothing is more earnestly to be longed for than that the members of the Roman Church,and more particularly its leaders, should become cognisant of the obstacles to reunion which arise from its persistence in its unreformed methods of teaching and influence. It is in no mere spirit of censoriousness that the errors of Rome are brought to light anew in this volume, but rather with a view to suggesting a reconsideration on all hands of the old difficulties which in that quarter obstruct the fulfilment of the Master's Great Design for the unity of His Church.

This being the spirit in which the book is written, one cannot but suppose that the essay by Mr. Coulton, entitled "Rome as Unreformed," has slipped in by mistake, for it breathes censoriousness on every page. Mr. Coulton conceives that his essay is a criticism of that "conception of truth" which is "the peculiar strength of the *official* Church of Rome." In point of fact, his essay is little more than a criticism of the alleged dishonest methods of certain Roman controversialists. In it there is scarcely a word about the *official* Church of Rome, though it is Mr. Coulton, not I, who underline this word. It is the supposed mistakes of Father Coupe, Father Joseph Rickaby, Dom John Chapman, O.S.B., and Mgr. J. S. Vaughan, against which the author rails, and it is by this means that he seeks to discredit both the Catholic hierarchy and papal infallibility! Apparently Mr. Coulton has confused historical truth with that revealed truth which alone the Church claims officially to expound, and in expounding which, and in none other of her functions, she claims a divine guidance which shall preserve her from error.

One might perhaps quarrel with the pitiless rigour with which Mr. Coulton condemns historical inaccuracies, but far be it from me to grumble that he should point out such inaccuracies whenever they occur in the non-official writings of some of our Catholic controversialists. On the contrary, I would thank him for so doing, though I would that he had

done it with more charity; and in return I would indicate briefly some of his own.

(1) In a footnote to the very first page of his book there occur in one sentence no less than three mistakes which would be justly called "howlers" if one were dealing with a schoolboy. In Canon 1060 of the New Codex occurs the phrase: *quod si adsit perversionis periculum coniugis catholici et prolis, conjugium ipsa etiam lege divina vetatur.* This Mr. Coulton translates: "*and, if there be any danger of the perversion of the Catholic spouse or the children, let the marriage itself be forbidden even by divine law.*" It is really too bad: *et* translated as *or*, *ipsa* taken as if it agreed with *conjugium*, and *vetatur* mistaken for the present subjunctive. No wonder the Church forbids unauthorized translations!

(2) On p. 107 occurs a reference to Dom Butler's *Benedictine Monachism*, which is printed with the *Nihil obstat* of Dom Michael Barrett, O.S.B., and the *Imprimatur* of the Bishop of Clifton. Upon this Mr. Coulton remarks: "Nor is this a mere form; it means that any description of mediæval monasticism which had displeased the hierarchy would have been pitilessly eliminated from the abbot's book." It doesn't: it simply means that Dom Michael Barrett found nothing contrary to faith or morals in the book, and that the Bishop of Clifton, on being informed of this, said that the book might be printed.

(3) In a section dealing with "The Priest as Physician of Souls" occurs the following:

> To give any reality to this simile of *physician of souls* we must postulate a society in which the patient is not only at liberty to choose the best he can afford, and not only safeguarded by the rules of a profession jealous for its own honour, but even more definitely protected by civil law against incompetence or carelessness on the part of the man to whom he commits himself. Yet, on these three vital points, there is perhaps no society among civilised nations which gives so little security as the Roman Catholic priesthood (p. 117).

Is not the author of this astounding statement aware, first, that Catholics are free to consult whatever physician of souls they may choose, without any payment at all; second, that the rules of these physicians of souls is at least as exacting as, if not more exacting than, that of the medical profession; and, third, that the penitent is most carefully protected by ecclesiastical law, both against incompetence and against other possible abuses?

(4) On p. 113 Mr. Coulton thus quotes the Creed of Pope Pius IV: "I receive unhesitatingly (*indubitanter*) all things, handed down, defined, and *decreed* by the sacred Canons and *ecumenical* Councils, and especially by the holy Council of Trent." He then informs us that, according to the 3rd Canon of the Fourth Lateran Council, an aider and abettor of a heretic, if discovered, incurs civil death, for heretics themselves are to be exterminated, *i.e.*, removed from the world by death. Therefore, argues Mr. Coulton, friend X., who in becoming a Catholic has made this profession of faith, is bound to exterminate Protestants as best he can, if the hierarchy command it. Nor can he plead ignorance of this Lateran Canon, for "he has solemnly sworn obedience to all these Canons, whether he has read them or not" (p. 114)—Mr. Coulton presumably knows that, in ecclesiastical usage, the term "Canon" may mean *either* a disciplinary enactment *or* a solemn declaration of faith to the denial of which is attached an anathema. He should also be aware, if he has read the Creed of Pius IV., that it is what its title indicates, a Creed, in which many articles of Catholic faith are explicitly formulated, but in which nothing is said of disciplinary enactments. True, Mr. Coulton wrongly translates the Latin term "*declarata*" by the English term "*decreed*," and by italicizing the latter, gives some colour to his argument. He also translates the phrase "*indubitanter accipio atque profiteor*" by the simple words, "I receive unhesitatingly," thus giving further colour to his argument by the omission of the word *profiteor* which would not be applied to disciplinary enactments. The sense of the Latin document, however, is plain. No one familiar with such documents could possibly suppose that it either was or is meant to include a profession of faith in the disciplinary Canons of the Fourth Lateran or in any other disciplinary Canons.

(5) Mr. Coulton supposes that our way of escape from this argument will not be to correct his mistranslations, but to plead that our "friends in modern Britain are not heretics in this sense." Accordingly he warns us that Father Rickaby, who in his *Oxford Conferences* advances this plea "on the authority of Aquinas," has "garbled the saint's plain meaning" (p. 114). But has he? Mr. Coulton himself refers us to the article in which St. Thomas treats of the toleration to be afforded to heretics. It is in the *Summa* 2.2. q. xi., a. 3; and in the preceding article St. Thomas defines heretics

in the words of St. Augustine: *qui in Ecclesia Christi morbidum aliquid pravumque sapiunt, si correpti, ut sanum rectumque sapiant, resistunt contumaciter suaque pestifera et mortifera dogmata emendare nolunt sed defendere persistunt, haeretici sunt.* Heretics, then, for St. Thomas, are not outsiders, but members who, in the Church, introduce false and dangerous doctrine, and contumaciously refuse to be corrected by authority. It is in this sense that the term is used throughout the question. Heretics are envisaged as men who, by their own act, deny the faith and separate themselves from the Church, and in Art. 4, Aquinas discusses whether on their return they should be restored to their former positions, ecclesiastical or secular. He is also careful to point out that his reasoning does not apply to other faithless folk who had never received the faith—*alii infideles, qui nunquam fidem acceperant* (Art. 4, ad. 3). In view of these facts, Father Rickaby can hardly be blamed for holding that "*heretics-born*" are not included under the head of *haeretici*, as understood by St. Thomas.

(6) Mr. Coulton, however, returns to the charge with a quotation from Marianus de Luca, in which this canonist argues that the death-penalty is applicable not only to those who have fallen away from the faith as adults, but to "those also who, once baptized and growing up in heresy, defend pertinaciously that which they have sucked in with their mother's milk" (p. 115). It would have been much to the point here had Mr. Coulton underlined the word *pertinaciously*. Or again, had he desired to give a just account of de Luca's theory, he might have cited what is written on the previous page of his book. For there the author, quoting St. Augustine, says: *qui sententiam suam, quamvis falsam atque perversam, nulla pertinaci animositate defendunt, praesertim quam non audacia suae praesumptionis pepererunt, sed a seductis et in errorem lapsis parentibus acceperunt, . . . nequaquam inter haereticos deputandi.* May be it is Mr. Coulton's own *pertinax animositas* that has led him astray, but in any case I fail to see how in face both of St. Thomas and St. Augustine he can maintain that "not only the words of the mediæval Church but its actions also leave no room for the modern exception in favour of heretics-born" (p. 114).

(7) Finally, Mr. Coulton assures us that in this matter of the will to exterminate heretics together with their pertinacious animosity there has, since the Middle Ages, been no

change "in the official Roman Church," nor has such change been pleaded by any member of the hierarchy.

Now, as Mr. Coulton is well aware, there was published in 1917 a new *Codex Juris Canonici*, in which we read (Canon 6, § 5): "With respect to penalties of which this Codex makes no mention, whether they be spiritual or temporal, medicinal or what are called vindictive, and whether incurred by general law or by judgment of a court (*latae vel ferendae sententiae*), let them be held as abrogated." Why is it, I wonder, that Mr. Coulton so often quotes or misquotes documents which seem to favour his hypotheses, but never quotes the same documents when they flatly contradict those hypotheses?

Enough for the present of the only bitter writer of the group. Let us now consider the main purpose of the book, which is to inform us of the type of modification which must be introduced if we would win back our separated Protestant brethren, and of the type of Catholicism which they would like to see established in the universal Church.

In an Essay entitled "Aspects of the English Reformation," the Rector of Broughton gives us on the whole a fair account of the highly complex causes, political, psychological, religious, which led to that disaster. He allows that there was no national Church of any kind before the days of Cranmer (p. 81), and again that "the heart of the English nation never went out to the Reforming movement until the Marian martyrs died at the stake," or, better, until the "cunning hand of Foxe" wrote their story (p. 88). There is less balance in the concluding pages of the Essay. One may question whether the Papal Bull deposing Elizabeth, or the alleged "Papal approval of assassination," exercised so determining an influence as the author claims. Also, Mr. Murray's idea of Anglican continuity is somewhat curious. Verbally, he affirms it mainly on the ground that there is an "unbroken row of Registers . . . on the shelves of the Lambeth library." His final judgment, however, is given in the concluding words of his Essay: "A Cranmer shatters an old building standing in the way. A Hooker adds foundation stones. The next three centuries have succeeded in raising the stately edifice of Anglicanism." So that a "new Church" apparently has come into being.

This opinion is wholly consistent with the point which the editor of the *Essays*, the Venerable W. L. Page Cox, Archdeacon of Chester, is at much pains to demonstrate in

his Essay on Communion or Mass. There was an intention on the part of the Reformers to "change the Mass into a Communion." This new doctrine is embedded in the Prayer-book, and distinguishes the Anglican from the Roman position. Consequently, the attempt to restore the Mass is both "subversive of the teaching of the Church of England," illegal, and unjustifiable. The Archdeacon objects to the Mass on several grounds. It is not a sacrifice in which God is propitiated, for St. Paul, in calling it "propitiatory," omits to say who is propitiated! Moreover, the fact that the service comes to an end, that the elements are consumed, and the lights extinguished, suggests that "He Who came has now gone," and thus tends to subvert belief in the continual presence of Christ with His people! Again, it tends to obscure the Father behind the Son, and this to such an extent that "an eminently pious Anglo-Catholic undergraduate at Oxford" was once heard to remark, "the fact is, I am not interested in God the Father!" Also, since the Venerable Archdeacon finds it impossible to believe that the bread and wine, hallowed at the Last Supper, were changed in substance, seeing that Christ Himself was there visibly before His apostles, holding the consecrated elements in His hands, *a fortiori* they cannot be changed now; and hence, not only are we, Catholics, idolaters, but idolatry has actually been introduced within the sacred precincts of the Anglican Church, so insidious is the power of superstition!

Another point on which we shall have to turn over a new leaf, if we would gain the adherence of the Venerable John H. Thorpe, Archdeacon of Macclesfield, is in the matter of "The Cultus of St. Mary the Virgin." We may speak of her as Virgin, may recognize "the peculiar eminence and unparalleled privilege" which belongs to her, may keep her in our thoughts at Christmas time, may even dedicate churches to her name; but we must not call her Virgin nor even venture to address her at all; for how do we know she can hear us? Thus far, the Venerable Archdeacon has been "unable to measure the effect on conscious spirits in Paradise of the law of attention?" How, then, do we know but that she may be occupied in other more pressing affairs? And how, even if she can hear, do we know that she can understand us, since on earth she did not speak our language? Our Lady, as Mother of God, has peculiar eminence and unparalleled privilege amongst creatures, but, if the aim of our prayers be to get her to help us, we had far better address

ourselves to our less perfect friends on earth. They at least "can pray with due attention and intelligence," whereas Our Lady must be dreadfully puzzled when "five persons in different parts of the world engage in prayer" to her "for different objects at the same hour—one in America, one in England, one in Italy, one in Africa, one in Australia." Again, "Our Father," "Our Lord," "Our Lady," have only to be placed thus in juxtaposition to arouse an instructed Christian judgment and conscience to the absolute incongruity of the last. Contrariwise, I suppose, "Our Father," "Our Lord," and "Our Friends-on-earth," have only to be placed thus in juxtaposition to arouse an instructed Anglican judgment and conscience to the absolute congruity of the last. The fact of the matter is that Our Lady is dead and gone. This Anglican divines can tell us, as also who she *was*, for the Scripture records it. The "mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven," on the other hand, are apparently hidden from their eyes.

Mr. Raven's Essay is the story of the revolt of life towards Life, a revolt that is chaotic and ineffective in this country, precisely because the Church of England is neglecting her duty. She has lost her sense of values, has put the wrong things first. Yet the situation, far gone as it is, is not past hope of redemption. And it is here that the peculiar genius of Anglicanism should be of service. She "stands alone in being at once Catholic and Reformed, in having proved herself able to hold fast the authentic deposit of the faith, while freely restating its doctrines and remodelling its organization." Unfortunately, this process of restatement and remodelling,thanks largely to the rigid conventions which prevail in the theological faculties of our Universities, has been suspended. We must shake ourselves free from previous habits and prejudices, must recognize the need for drastic change, and make experiments preparatory to it. This, it may be alleged is precisely what the Anglo-Catholics are doing. On the contrary, says Mr. Raven, the Anglican Church was about to purchase a Rolls-Royce, when the Anglo-Catholics smashed it, in the hopes of buying back the derelict remains of a very dilapidated pony-cart. If the ordinary English men and women of to-day are to be won, "a new presentation of the Gospel and new ways of expressing Christianity in thought and life must be adopted."

One wonders what this representation of the Gospel will be like, how far this new expression of Christianity in thought

and life will be genuine development, how far a reversal of the whole; and in the event of its being, wholly or in part, a reversal, what should be our attitude towards the saving Truths which our Saviour is supposed to have revealed. The answer to this difficult question is given with admirable precision in the first of these Anglican Essays. In this Essay, which is entitled "Christian Liberty," the Archbishop of Armagh, having adopted the Lutheran principle of private judgment, asks the significant question:

> Where, then, is the seat of authority in Religion? When the principle of individual liberty is thus set forth, it seems to lead directly to chaos. If there be no authority above that of the intellect and conscience of every man, how can there ever emerge such a consensus of belief as will secure some degree of unity among Christian people? (pp. 11, 12).

I would ask the reader to ponder carefully the answer, and to pardon me if I give it in a long quotation, for the question is of vital importance. Having pointed out that in "the calmer realm of science" "liberty has proved itself the parent of order," the Archbishop proceeds as follows:

> The cause of this complete agreement of liberty and order is clear. Dominant over the whole realm of science is reason, that is, the disciplined use of intelligence. The end of scientific activity is truth, the principle which guides the search for truth is reason. No one in these days can for a moment admit any other authorities. No institution, no individual, no system, no book, can be put into competition with them. In our day, we have seen the great authority of Newton and the immense system of thought about the physical universe with which his name is identified freely challenged. Our prejudices may rebel, but our minds recognize at once the right of every investigator who believes he has gained a larger and truer view of the universe to place his doctrines before the scientific world and prove them if he can. Truth and reason must ever be supreme.
>
> This illustration presents us with a principle which would seem to cover the whole realm of thought. There is nothing in the nature of things to confine it to the natural sciences. It is this: the only kind of authority which can bring liberty and order into agreement is that which rules by appealing to the spiritual faculties of every individual and which asserts itself by persuasion. It would be enough to say of such an authority that it must rule by its appeal to the reason, if the word reason be used in the widest sense. This is largely a question of words. The essence of the whole matter is that no controversy can be settled by the fiat of any man, or any society of men, or by the authority of any tradition or body of teaching.

This is what this learned Protestant divine calls "the liberation of spiritual principles," "a triumph of faith and hope over ignorance and superstition" (pp. 13, 14). "The great need of the world at the present time, both in religious and in social life, is an Ordered Liberty," and this is how we are to obtain it. Let us make no mistake.

> The example of science points out the way to the solution of our problem. In this realm the most complete liberty of thought brought about a general agreement, an order never before obtained. Liberty, in fact, re-established authority: but it is an authority which must always be ready to submit to correction when fresh knowledge is gained. This harmony is the result of the dominance of a spiritual principle—Reason (p. 40).

Here we may appositely recall that Father Joseph Rickaby is accused by Mr. Coulton of falsehood and calumny on the ground that in a pamphlet entitled "Persecution," he wrote: "The common Protestant notion is . . . . . that whatever belief or opinion a man holds, he is not morally accountable to God or to man for believing and thinking so. Of course this is not always asserted in its fulness, but often with hazy and ill-defined limitations." What Father Rickaby actually wrote was:

> The common Protestant notion is that religion is matter of private judgment, matter of human opinion; that a man is not morally obliged to believe any particular point in religion any more than in chemistry; that he is free to chose his religious beliefs, as he accepts conclusions in physical science, partly on his own observation and on his own reasoning, partly on the authority of men who seem to him trustworthy; but that whatever belief or opinion he holds, he is not morally responsible to God or to man for believing or thinking so.

Mr. Coulton seeks to draw a red herring across the track by citing that antiquated document, the XXXIX Articles. Yet it is plain alike from Father Rickaby's use of the present tense, and from the context in which the passage occurs, that he is speaking, not of the past, but of the time at which he was writing, *i.e.*, twenty years ago; and not of the explicit teaching of Protestant theologians, but of a common notion prevalent amongst Protestants at large. No one doubts that there *were* devout Protestants who clung tenaciously to the XXXIX Articles, nor yet there may be devout Protestants even amongst the Anglican clergy who still hold that their assent to these articles binds them in the sight of God. We readily grant that amongst Protestants there are many who,

as the Archbishop of Armagh remarks, "having done their best to make sure that their conviction is the truth, feel it their duty, in the sight of God, to abide by this decision at all costs"; and we rejoice that it should be so. That, however, is not the question at issue. The question at issue is whether (a) on the Archbishop's principles, it be possible to arrive at a conviction of the truth such that it can be binding in the sight of God, and (b) whether Protestants in general do arrive at such convictions and do hold themselves to be responsible for them in God's sight.

On the first head I think the answer must be in the negative, except in the sense that we are responsible to God for all that we think and do, for our scientific no less than for our religious opinions, for the rhetorical fashion in which we may write no less than for the vigour with which we talk. For if the witness to revelation, the authority upon which we accept it, must "always be ready to submit to correction when fresh knowledge is gained," how can we ever reach conviction that truth has really been revealed? If the question as to the content of divine revelation is to be decided by an appeal to reason, how can we be responsible to God for holding a wrong belief or opinion, when reason is so notoriously fallible in religious matters and leads to such diverse opinions as manifestly it does?

With respect to the second head: what is *de facto* the common notion amongst Protestants in this matter, I would appeal to a well-known book, *The Army and Religion*. The situation is summed up on p. 448 in the words of a Report issued by the Bishop of Kensington:

> The one great difficulty about which all the chaplains cry out is the soldier's and the sailor's ignorance of the Christianity in which he is supposed to have been brought up. The greatest difficulty and deficiency is ignorance. . . . The men with whom the chaplains are in contact simply do not know the very elementary truths of the Christian religion. The epithets they employ to describe this ignorance exhaust the vocabulary—"abysmal," "appalling," "surprising," "amazing," etc. Here is the characteristic verdict: Everyone must be struck with the appalling ignorance of even the simplest religious truths. Probably 80 per cent. of these men from the Midlands have never heard of the Sacraments. The meaning of God, sin, repentance, grace, forgiveness, baptism, confirmation, is hardly known by the great mass of them.

Yet the men thus spoken of are representative of this Protestant nation. All of them "have been through the primary

or secondary or public schools," where the religious education is of a type which the Protestantism of this country approves. As children, four out of five of them have, in the opinion of the Secretary of the Sunday School Union, been connected with Sunday schools. If they have been taught in these schools that they are responsible to God for their religious opinions and beliefs, how comes it about, I would ask, that 80 per cent of them have lost *all* religious opinions and beliefs? If the common Protestant notion be that right belief in religion is, in God's sight, a matter of importance, how comes it that in this country vastly the greater number of Protestants are ignorant of the most elementary truths of their religion?

The last Essay in this collection deals explicitly with the question of Reunion, and in the last paragraph treats of reunion with Rome. There is a reference to my book on this subject,[1] but the brevity of the remarks and the tone of hopelessness which pervades them, indicates plainly that it is not to Rome, but rather to Nonconformity, that the Archbishop of Melbourne is looking. The alleged purpose of these Essays is to point out our errors that we may correct them. In reality, it is not our errors so much as those of the Anglo-Catholics that the writers have in view. The moral of the book is: go steady with your Catholicizing, be cautious what you say about the Mass, and careful how you speak about Our Lady, lest you give scandal to our Nonconformist friends. As terms offered to us, the Liberalism of the Archbishop of Armagh and the old-type Protestantism of the other Essays are alike unacceptable; and, of the two, the Archbishop of Armagh's proposal is the least acceptable, for, as *we* see the trend of events, it means the ruin alike of Protestantism and of Christianity for those who accept his principles. It is not science that shall save the world, nor yet mere religious opinion, however sincerely held, but the Truth which Christ has revealed, and which He preaches to-day through His Church no less plainly than He preached it through His apostles. Liberalism used not to be the issue between us and the Protestant, but it is tending to become so more and more every day. Protestantism, as a divided house, cannot stand much longer. As yet she is undecided whether to adopt a pious agnosticism or to return to the faith she has denied. It is the fear lest she choose the latter

[1] *The Problem of Reunion, discussed historically in Seven Essays.* By Leslie J. Walker, S.J. (Longmans, Green and Co.). Cheap edition, 5s. net.

alternative that has prompted the curious outburst which has found expression in this book. And the fear is well grounded, as Mr. Coulton is quite aware. Though Mr. Coulton hates the Catholic system, he respects Roman Catholics, and this is what he prophecies in our regard:

> If Roman Catholicism, while fearlessly facing the truth, could still remain united, and if non-Roman Catholics, while insisting on truth of detail, failed finally to find any closer union amongst themselves than the mere agreement to repudiate Roman Catholicism, then in the long run Roman Catholicism would conquer and deserve to conquer (p. 120).

Of these two conditions, the first, as we know, has always been verified, and the other, it seems to us, is in course of verification; so that we may confidently look for the fulfilment of Mr. Coulton's prophecy in the divine victory to follow.

Anglican Essays is an astounding book. Its inaccuracies are so plentiful, its arguments so weak, that it will produce but little effect except on such as imbibe without criticism every syllable that they read. The only telling argument is that which seeks to show that Anglo-Catholicism is not Anglicanism, nor yet consistent with Anglican tradition. With this we agree. Yet in common fairness, must confess that the fiercely dogmatic Anglicanism of Elizabethan and even later days seems to us equally incompatible alike with the "scientific" attitude towards Christian dogma adopted by the Archbishop of Armagh, with its implicit scepticism and its worship of the human goddess "Reason," and with the vague demand for radical change, so forcibly uttered by Mr. Raven, with its corollary that as yet we know neither what Christianity is nor what it shall become in the future. While if this be in truth the sequel to the Protestant factor in Anglicanism, the Anglo-Catholics are right in thinking that the sooner this factor is eliminated the better for all concerned, and the better chance too of that reunion which even the most Protestant exponents of Anglicanism seem, though with misgivings born of ignorance and fear, to contemplate as at least a remote possibility.

LESLIE J. WALKER.

THE SPIRIT OF ANTICHRIST

IN every nation which has known Christianity, just as in every Christian man, there is an endless conflict between the natural and the supernatural, and a considerable section will always be found that rejects the latter and prefers to remain on the natural plane, limiting its vision to this earth and hence falling easily into the vices of the pagan, the deification of self and the deification of the State. We are accustomed to speak of the two "Nations" in every modern State, the Poor and the Rich, whose discord is a national peril. Even were their interests harmonized, there would still remain the two "Nations" of the religious and the unregenerate to prevent, by their divergent views and policies, any realization of the Perfect State in this world. Nowhere has this truth been better illustrated than in the history of the great French nation. The two opposed spirits are evident as early as the thirteenth century in *Le Roman de La Rose*. Seldom has there been so strange a dovetailing of the work of two utterly different characters. The Horatian maxim,

> *"servetur ad imum*
> *Qualis ab incepto processerit et sibi constet,"* [1]

has here been forgotten or ignored. The work of one author, Guillaume de Lorris, has the freshness and purity of springtide. Jean de Meun, the other, is sometimes as nasty as Chaucer's wife of Bath, and his mind is strongly tinged with worldly cynicism. It is good to find such a critic as Professor Saintsbury giving a decided preference to the work of the earlier poet.[2] Gaston Paris attributes to Jean de Meun

> a bold, cynical, nowise religious, eminently burgess spirit and at times quite modern . . . there is an attack against celibacy, even ecclesiastical, which Alain of Lille, . . . would not have dared. In this, as frequently elsewhere, John of Meun reminds us of Rabelais.[3]

To pursue our sketch—the anti-papal tyranny of Philip the

[1] "Let [the poem] preserve to the end the characteristics with which it started and be consistent with itself."

[2] *The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory*, 1897, pp. 301—302.

[3] *Mediæval French Literature*, Eng. Transl. Dent, p. 113.

Fair was followed by civil wars and their moral ruin. In the fifteenth century we have the strange pathetic career of Villon, at his worst also a forerunner of Rabelais, at his best a voice of touching penitence. In the sixteenth century we have Rabelais himself, who lacks not apologists, but is, no Christian can doubt, justly condemned by Kenelm Digby:

> Than the spirit of Rabelais, perhaps no more deadly corrosive exists on earth to destroy vital principles; honour, love, every noble and heroic affection, fade away before it; but nothing, perhaps, throughout the whole range of human prevarication, can be more contrary to nature, and to the very instinct of youth, for it must be acknowledged, that the animal nature itself has a certain delicate sense of what is becoming and graceful; the whole man abhors whatever will not admit of being in some degree elevated by the imagination to assume a beautiful or noble aspect; no antipathy between things most averse in nature, holds a stronger enmity than his mind with what is essentially and irredeemably foul.[1]

Apart from this monster of filth, who was also, *horribile dictu*, a Catholic priest, the reign of the vicious Francis I. was indeed a time of corruption, like that of Henry II., well pictured in Walter Pater's little masterpiece, *Gaston de Latour*:

> It was the reign of the Italians just then, a doubly refined, somewhat morbid, somewhat ash-coloured Italy in France, more Italian still. What our Elizabethan poets imagined about Italian culture—forcing all they knew of Italy to an ideal of dainty sin such as had never actually existed there,—that the court of Henry so far as in it lay, realised in fact. Men of Italian birth, "to the great suspicion of simple people," swarmed in Paris, already "flightier,less constant than the girouettes on its steeples," and it was love for Italian fashions that had brought king and courtiers here this afternoon, with great *éclat*, as they said, frizzled and starched[2] (etc.)

More horrible even than Rabelais was the false prophet of Geneva, Calvin, also an apostate cleric, whose Huguenot sectaries carried a Mahommedan desolation far and wide over France. Anything less like the real Huguenots than the dashing cavaliers of Macaulay's ballad could hardly be imagined!

[1] *Compitum*, Book VI., ch. vi., 1852, p. 295.
[2] Ch. vii., pp. 171—172: cf. ch. iii., p. 81, etc.

According to Mézeray the sacrileges everywhere committed by the Huguenots roused in the people feelings of horror and indignation: for in all places where they became masters, the images of saints were smashed, relics were thrown to the winds, the altars and the sacraments were profaned, and priests and religious outraged, so that all that history has recorded of the atrocities perpetrated by the Goths was effaced by the barbarism of the Huguenots. In 1562 they burned all the charters of the cathedral of St. Theudere, near Vienne. At Tarbes they not only burned the charters, but the cathedral itself, leaving mournful traces of their sojourn throughout Béarn and Bigorre.[1]

In the seventeenth century the picture is on the whole brighter:

Of what importance saintly men considered this sweet filial feeling towards God is shown very remarkably by an observation which Cardinal Bellarmine made when he visited France. He said he was struck with the devout piety of the French, in this sense of the word piety, and that the people seemed to him in consequence better Catholics than the Italians. So at least he is quoted by Lallemant.[2]

And yet, this seventeenth century, whose Christian character François Coppée championed against his friend Huysmans,[3] saw the sceptical work of Bayle, father of the encyclopædists, and the rise of Jansenism, while a truly horrible demoralization, consequent upon civil wars, is depicted in a letter written by St. Vincent de Paul to Pope Innocent X. in 1652:

The Royal Family is torn by dissension, and the people are divided in rival factions, the towns and the provinces are alike made miserable by civil war; villages and cities are devastated, burnt; the labourers do not reap what they have sown, and no longer sow for future years; everything is at the mercy of the soldiers; from them the people have to fear not robbery only, but actual murder and every sort of torture; most of those who dwell in the country perish of hunger if they escape the sword. Even the priests are not spared, but are cruelly treated, tortured and put to death. Every maiden is dishonoured and the nuns themselves are exposed to the wild excesses of the soldiers; churches are profaned and robbed and ruined; and almost all those which are still standing are deserted by their pastors, so that the people are left destitute either of Mass or of the Sacra-

[1] J. M. Stone, *Reformation and Renaissance*, p. 407.
[2] Faber, *All for Jesus*, 1855, pp. 60—61.
[3] *La Bonne Souffrance*, p. 232.

ments, or of any spiritual consolation. Also that happens of which it is horrible to think and even more to speak, the most Blessed Sacrament of the Body of our Lord is treated with utter contempt even by Catholics, for they throw the Holy Eucharist to the ground and trample It underfoot that they may steal the sacred vessels that contain It. And how far do the heretics go who have no sense of this Mystery? I dare not and will not enter on description.[1]

This state of things in the Christian seventeenth century of civilized, chivalrous France, furnishes indeed a fruitful theme for meditation.

The testimony could not be more unimpeachable nor the picture more hideous; it rivals the sack of Rome in 1527 under the Catholic Emperor Charles V., who loved to pose as a Constantine, a sack wherein Catholic Spaniards and Lutheran Germans were rivals in sacrilege and horror. To read the story, even in the sober pages of Pasteur, is enough to bring physical nausea. Yet that were a small price to pay for a realization of the essential barbarity of war, the *ultima ratio regum* which is in fact a confession that reason has failed. Call to mind after this the endless series of drum and trumpet "history books"; they appear no more true to life than the historical novels of Mr. G. A. Henty, against which one's instinct revolted even in boyhood. Granting that war is sometimes inevitable, sometimes just, there is yet no need to lie about it, to suppress the truth about its moral and material evils, to represent God's punishments and scourges as if they were blessings to boast of; there is no need to describe purgatory in terms of a pleasure excursion. This literary conspiracy to disguise the character of warfare from the rising generations explains how it is possible to send multitudes to the slaughter under lying watchwords, multitudes who have no real quarrel one with another, and who under wiser guidance might see that their highest interest is peace and co-operation. Tolstoy, in his earlier and better work, the artist Verestchagin and General Sherman agree in thinking that "war is hell." One would think that it were wiser to appeal frankly to the latent heroism of those called upon to endure the rack than to pretend that the endurance of the rack is a gay and splendid adventure.

Among the fallacies diligently taught in 1914—1918

[1] E. K. Saunders, *Vincent de Paul*, 1913, ch. ix., p. 163.

was the uplifting and regenerating effect of war. Against this I may quote an authority no militarist can well cavil at:

> It is a well-ascertained fact [writes Cardinal Gasquet] strange though it may seem, that men are not as a rule made better by great and universal visitations of Divine Providence. It has been noticed that this is the evident result of all such scourges, or, as Procopius puts it, speaking of the Great Plague in the reign of the Emperior Justinian, "whether by chance or Providential design it strictly spared the most wicked."[1]

It is a grievous pity that these truths are not borne in mind by those who lightly appeal to arms whenever a national crisis comes, a "crisis" which in its last analysis is most often a dispute between rival traders regarding markets or raw materials. War is the outcome of secularism; Mammon, as this Review has heretofore explained,[2] has Mars as his henchman. And secularism thrives when the Church grows weak. In his study of Gallicanism, de Maistre showed clearly how the Jansenists (who, together with Calvinists, exerted great influence through the Parlement) prepared the way for the encyclopædists. With Voltaire the two hosts are definitely mustered in hostile array, and his period finds fit consummation in the horrors of the Revolution. To and fro the fight has raged ever since, and the victory is not yet won. Compromises, concordats, restorations there have been, but no decisive triumph of the Faith, while the subversives renew from time to time their efforts to abolish religion and sanity.

Ozanam and Lacordaire were under no delusions as to the restoration of religion in France,while the secular university's monopoly remained. Veuillot's battle was a long and fierce one, not only with infidels, but with Gallicans also. The France of Veuillot and Count de Mun stood over against the France of "George Sand," de Maupassant, Zola and the masonic politicians. The France of Combes and Viviani found ranged against it the France of Réné Bazin, François Coppée, and the Catholic rally. The present moment seems in many ways analogous to the treacherous Restoration period. Avowed anticlericalism has now as then, for the time being, lost the ascendancy, but is perhaps all the more dangerous on that account, "the viler as underhand, not

[1] *The Black Death*, ch. x., pp. 250—251.
[2] THE MONTH, Oct. 1918, "Mammon and Mars."

openly bearing the sword." Now as then, many, whose trustworthiness will need much testing, find it expedient or politic to profess Catholic sympathies or allegiance, and the militarist mania, once more recurrent in some quarters, causes a cross-division which may weaken the Catholic forces.

On the other hand, the utterly simple, unaffected piety that so delighted Cardinal Bellarmine is found to-day, and not in Brittany alone. The writer was at Chartres in July, 1914, and there and then some holy nun said to him, "mais je pense que j'aime les bons un peu petit plus," though she loved *les méchants* also, and "nous sommes trop mauvaises pour la France," therefore expecting to be driven out, but "nous nous reverrons en Angleterre." In all sincerity these saintly women thought they were so unworthy that Almighty God would not allow them to remain in France. There are characters up and down the pages of Huysmans and those of Réné Bazin that wanderers in provincial France can hardly fail to come across, characters that prove *la douce France* to be still living, utterly sincere, courteous, generous, devoted, like Rousseline and her father in Bazin's *La Terre qui meurt*, true children of the crusaders. In Brittany and the Norman-Breton borderland nothing can exceed the unaffected Catholic courtesy experienced by travellers. Again:

> Thou art praised for thy science, thy art and thy grace,
> For the courage so high that belongs to thy race,
> But when all is admired, and all has been said,
> There's nothing surpasses thy love for the dead.[1]

Is this, I wonder, the dominant aspect of France to-day? Is it still generally true that "no Frenchman goes about singing nowadays, whether in town or country, unless it be a song of revolt or bloodshed. This disappearance of healthy and calm joy is one of the most serious heads of accusation which our time can formulate against those who dominate it. If England is no longer 'merry England' nor France 'La Gaie France,' it is because the vital principle has been weakened in each, because men have despised and disenchanted the soul of each of these nations, once so noble and charming, by robbing them of the Faith?"[2]

In all great countries, as we said to start with, there is, in varying degree, this great division, which answers to the

[1] Kenelm H. Digby, *Short Poems*, 1865, p. 43.
[2] Reginald Balfour, in *Dublin Review*, Jan. 1907, p. 163.

cleavage between the Church and the world. Many change sides, many are unconscious of the side on which they are fighting. There are sincere Christians,—Lutheran, Anglican and others,—who are unconsciously fighting in Rome's cause, there are bad Catholics, lapsed and worldly Catholics, whose lives aid the cause of Antichrist. In France, owing to the clearness (which is compatible with a certain narrowness) of the French mind, the division is perhaps easier to mark than elsewhere. But the fact of this division is, I believe, the truth of the matter, and it is a great pity that it should be lost sight of. Those who have been assuring us so volubly these nine years past that all evils, past and present, had their source in Germany, are now tending to say the same of France, with the same reckless inconsequence, for unhappily it is true, wherever "public opinion" is manufactured by linotype, that "even with men who hold the Catholic faith with true loyalty, their vaster outlook upon things is practically uninfluenced by a directly Christian philosophy of things."[1] Two fundamental truths in especial are utterly forgotten, namely, the origin of evil, and the permanent cleavage between the Church and the world *in all countries*. None has the monopoly of good or bad. In the calm light of reason many of the axioms of 1914—1918 are seen to be palpably absurd. But amid the clash of arms the laws are silent, the arts also, and, under modern conditions at least, it would seem that reason follows in their wake.

H. E. G. ROPE.

[1] Abbot Vonier. *The Christian Mind*, p. 208.

FALLEN LEAVES

IV.

WHEN Medon sailed away, never to return, his son Metimedês was already grown up and had a family, and his brothers and his kindred were settled round about him near to Marathôn. Wherever there was a plain like that one, on mounds or beside streams, the immigrants had long ago made villages, and some were large and counted twenty or even fifty families. Each had its sacred enclosure, and a plot for its king, and a hut where the old men met for council, and even the least had its fence of thorn to protect it, and the larger ones had walls. Some were built upon projecting mountain spurs, and these were hard for marauders to approach. Each in its sacred place worshipped ancestral gods, and certain gods were worshipped by all alike, and there were many festivals of spring-tide and harvest and driving away of ghosts or of other evils for which they would come together at one place and sing holy spells, with dancing, and go in procession round the fields carrying hidden things that brought fertility. Thus in the plain where Marathôn was, a plain that it might take an active man so much as three hours to walk from end to end of, and an hour to cross it from sea to mountain, there were four settlements that placed themselves together and had common worship.

Metimedês never left this plain save once, on a sacred procession to the south, in honour of Poseidon whom for his father's sake he venerated. But his son, whom after his own grandfather he named Epimedon, felt himself drawn southward and went first by the track that led along the sea, round the eastern end of Mount Pentelikos that closed the plain to the south, but he did not love the land he found there, though it had large settlements of its own—and he returned, and then went south, round the western end of the mountain, and there he was guest of a man who had a daughter but no other kin, and so Epimedon married the maiden and took her father's beasts in his turn, and cultivated some land there.

To reach this place he had to go between Mount Pente-

likos and the great mountain Parnês, and he followed the stream Kephissos that flowed through that valley into the plain beyond. This plain was shut in on three sides by other mountains—Pentelikos and Parnês to the north, but its western wall was called Aigaleos and its eastern Hymettos, and these two walls ran south till they touched the sea, which the Kephissian plain had for its fourth boundary.

That was a great plain to his eyes, as long as that of Marathôn and no less wide; yet it was not only plain, for a spur of Mount Pentelikos ran out into the plain, and rose first into a great hill, Lukabettos, too pointed to be built on save for worship, and then into a crag that lay east to west, a mighty crag, three hundred paces long, and its breadth was the half of that, and it rose sheer, as high as it was broad, save at the western end, where by a steep slope a man might climb to it. And after the crag, lesser mounds rose from the plain, till, beyond Kephissos, the hills of Aigaleos began.

But the eyes of one sitting where Epimedon's home was, would pass, as his did, over the great crag that lay, nearly two hours' journey distant, like but a shadow along the sea coast which, in another hour, a man might reach. Epimedon looked far beyond, on to the sea itself, with islands clear upon it, and to the right, running south to an infinite distance of sunlight, he could see the coast of what some men thought to be yet another island, a vast island, where there were other kings of his folk, coming from this side and from that, who had already carried thither the beloved name of Argos. But he had learned that it was not in truth an island, but was attached as by a thread of land, behind Aigaleos, to the land where he was seated. And he could even see the huge mass that was called Akro-Korinthos that loomed over the thread of earth and rock that bound north to south. But as for the rocks in the midst of the plain, they stood but as shadows over the green and grey and gold of the fields, where olives here and there shivered in silver. Nor on the crag could be even guessed the houses that clung to it like shellfish on an ancient boat, and the castle, though on its nearest edge, was like but a crust of lichen upon stones.

None the less, the Rock was drawing from all sides the hearts of men who lived near to it, and fastening their minds to itself, a divine Rock, a rock with a fate in it, not to be resisted by men whose lives are the shadows of the thoughts

of gods. From among the silver olives they were coming, from the rough heather of the mountains and from the ivy curtains of the caves, and from the little farms. To the Rock fared their feet, and from of very old had the power within the Rock been summoning them.

Metimedês, even, knew very well that never had been the time when no god had his dwelling there—not even in the days of the giants who had built the grey limestone walls, enormous, of unhewn stone, making the rock impregnable. For whom those giants had worked, it was by now forgotten; so long had the northerners been there, that they thought they had sprung from the very earth and stones themselves of all that district. Their first king, they knew, had been called Kekrops, and they, the sons of Kekrops, Kekropidai, and the crag, Kekropia. And that very king had his tomb there, that was more than tomb, for he still lived in it, a great snake, in the hollow tomb there by the castle on the rock's northern edge. And some said Kekrops had always been a snake; some, that he was half a man, half snake; but everyone knew that as long as the snake was there, all was well with the folk of the House of Kekrops. Kekrops had had but one son, born of the Mother Earth, and his name was Eresikhthon, Earth-Shaker. But that son died childless, and another came, Erekhtheus, he too born of Earth and of the god of fire, Hephaistos. Erekhtheus had taken the kingdom of the Kekropidai, so that the dwellers there became after him the Erekhtheidai, and he too had his enclosure, the Erekhtheion, near to the Kekropion. And he too continued to dwell and keep watch there as a mighty snake, and all over the town the Snake was painted and hewn in stone; and the special gift of Erekhtheus was a Sea, a deep place on the Rock from which a brackish water might be drawn; and when the wind was in the south, if men put their ears to the dark edge and listened, they could hear the distant lisp of the sea.

But along with these two kings, a maiden-goddess haunted the grey Rock, even before Kekrops had been there. The three daughters of King Kekrops, Pandrosos, Hersê and Aglauros, had looked into the basket-cradle where his son, the earth-born, had been placed, and at sight of the snakes that coiled around him, had flung themselves in terror from the battlemented edge, and still, when gods swooped down upon the wits of the maidens of that rock, they would fling

themselves from the high wall and perish, and there were men too who were, when need demanded, made thus into the purifying sacrifice of the gods. So, many thought that the maiden-goddess was none other than this Pandrosos, and she too had her demesne, the Pandroseion, that, as men built wider, had become enclosed within the Erekhtheion.

But before and within the Erekhtheion were other altars, and one, an altar of the Most High, the god of heaven whom men now knew as Zeus, and it was Kekrops who had placed him there when bidden to make a change in the old custom whereby men took the name of their mother, as had ever been before the northerners came down. For it was seen that thus no man knew his father, and the northerners willed that each man should have his wife and that from him a name should descend to the children.

And in the enclosure of Erekhtheus was worshipped especially the god of seas and waters, Poseidon, and it was for his father's sake that Metimedês visited the ancient shrine. In the days of Erekhtheus this god had been powerful there beyond the others, and had striven with the later immigrants when they built their sacred dwelling for their own maiden-goddess, Athenê, or as some named her, Pallas; for she strove with Poseidon for the mastery. And the marks of his triple spear were to be seen there, in a special walled place, where he had struck the rock, and, as some said, had given the Sea to Erekhtheus, though others said, that it was a horse that had sprung forth. But when the goddess struck the rock, an olive tree came out, and this olive tree still grew, gnarled and very old, within the Erekhtheion. But the most aged of the men said that their far ancestors had handed down to them that before ever the goddess came, the olive tree had grown there, and that the marks of Poseidon's spear were those of the god down-crashing in the lightning, and they would show how no roof must ever cover those marks, but a gap be left through which the sky might look in upon them, for by a stroke of the sky-god had they been made. And Poseidon remained strong in the city, though the Maiden was the stronger, and the old belief survived that it was a maiden's city, and from the goddess's name, Athenê, it became called Athenê's town, Athenai, and the goddess in her turn took her title from the town and might be known sufficiently as She of Athenai, Athenaiê, and, with the years, the land around became the Attik land, Attikê.

Therefore upon this hill, in cave and stony house, the gods dwelt, like stones themselves, or living snakes, and ceaselessly with offerings of cakes and grain, and in distressful hours, of maids and men, worship was paid to them; and their power went widely from the hill, great lights through the sky, and touches that turned the olive-leaves shivering silver, and made the crops bow all of them together, great waves of shadow sweeping over the plain as though it had been sea.

Epimedon therefore went often to Athenai for worship and also to sell fruit and grain, and he increased very much in land and extended his property down from the hill-side into the plain, and had boundary-marks. None the less the most of the land was held in common, though the king had his own plot from the beginning. But Medontiphron, the eldest son of Epimedon, was a man of much wisdom as well as of wealth, and all listened to him, and the Medontidai were become by then one of the very first families of the land, and above all they recognized without idle dispute that it was good for all that Athenai should grow strong and have power even over distant places. In his time the king of Athenai finished the making of an over-lordship over all the strong places, not only of the Kephissian plain—but also right behind Hymettos, where the land ran out into the sea, and made as it were a country by itself, washed by the two seas to east and west, and walled off by Hymettos and Pentelikos. And over the plain of Marathon they extended their power similarly, and even went to war beyond Aigaleos, and sought to conquer the men of Eleusis and the Eleusinian plain as they had the others; but here they had not such success and remained masters only of hither-Aigaleos.

So the dwellers in all those parts began to go more and more into Athenai for all manner of things, and its king grew accustomed to administer justice even to the country-folk who sought it from him. But it was not till the reign of king Theseus, who won the power when Medontiphron was already an elderly man, that the power of the Rock began to be understood.

No sooner had Theseus begun to be talked about than the most different opinions were formed about him.

"It must be held, for the good of all," Diphilos kept repeating to Medontiphron, as they sat together in the firelight, "that Theseus is the son of king Aigeos."

"I cannot believe it," said he. "I can just remember the time when Aigeos recovered the power in Athenai from his uncle Metiôn, who had seized it. You know as well as I do that though Aigeos was twice married after that, he never had a son."

"It was his wives," said the other, "who were hateful to Athenê, not himself. No sooner had he travelled into Troizenê than he mated with the daughter of its king and Theseus was their son."

"So they are now saying," retorted Medontiphron, "but who is to know that? Myself I am convinced that his father was Poseidon. Poseidon has great power among the folk of all those parts. By the sea she was wandering when she became his mother, by the sea she brought him forth. Not otherwise could Theseus do the deeds that all men speak of."

"The gods are opulent in all things," agreed his friend, "not least in offspring. The lands are full of their sons, of whose births their mothers relate this and that, and who wander forth doing strong deeds. Of mortals the children must needs be many fewer. But it would have been easy for her to say that Poseidon was his father; yet she says it not, but that Aigeos was, and she tells of the sword and sandals that he found according to the oracle, whereby his father in after years should recognize him."

"But why should Aigeos have waited sixteen years before his son should be recognized? He had need of his help long since. How do we know that those were the sandals and the sword that Aigeos buried. One sword is very like another, and so are sandals. We do but know that Theseus said he found them beneath the heavy stone that none save him could stir. No. I believe that Poseidon gave them him, and sent him off to Athenai to succour the king. Poseidon loves, from of old, our city."

The little Medon, son of Medontiphron, was pounding chestnuts at his father's feet for the evening meal, and his sister sat there too, shelling beans, to mix with the chestnuts, having flavoured all well with garlic. Never tired of hearing about the exploits of Theseus, he was grieved that Diphilos should seem to take honour from the man by denying that he was Poseidon's son, and begged his father to rehearse once more those great deeds done by Theseus.

"At sixteen," said his father gravely, "Poseidon stirred up Theseus to succour our city that was defiled by men whose

hands were foul with kindred blood. (For the son of Metiôn, cousin of Aigeos, had turned Aigeos out once more from Athenai.)

"At sixteen," corrected Diphilos, "Theseus resolved to go to Athenai to take the position that was his by right of birth."

"And first," continued Medontiphron, disregarding him, "he passed by Epidauros and slew Periphatês, horrible highwayman, who made that neighbourhood intolerable by smashing the skulls of travellers with his bronze club, whence his surname, the Clubber."

"And further on," said Diphilos, who enjoyed reciting these things as much as Medon loved to hear them, "when the road in the midst of the sheer side of the isthmus is but as a ledge, he killed another robber, Sinis, the Devastator, for no one knew his name, and perhaps he had none. But he was also known as the Pine-Bender, because his habit was to twist two sturdy saplings towards one another, and bind one hand and one foot of his captives to the one, and the other hand and foot to the other, and then let the pine-trees spring apart, and with them, the traveller. He much liked watching this."

"The land is far from peaceful," said Medontiphron. "Beasts and men like beasts who regard no customs are everywhere about it. Who has not heard of the Grey One, Phaiê, the great grey sow, that lived beyond Eleusis at Krommuôn, where once they grew the onions whence the place got its name? But the sow spoilt them. And her, too, Theseus killed, no less a benefit, yet no greater the wonder, for that Poseidon loves to be offered onions who knows not?"

"But not Poseidon," murmured Diphilos, "nor any gods of water helped him within the country of Eleusis when he reached it, but the Earth-Mother and the powers that bless the grain. And there he met the wrestler Kerkuôn, who permitted none to pass without his first wrestling with them; and as his grip was such that he always killed them, that path became regarded as dangerous, and was not much used. And again on the very borders of Attikê, he made an end of that man who had for jest to invite passers-by to accept his hospitality, and then, having put them to sleep in his house, would bind their limbs to the couch's head and foot, and stretch them till they were long enough to fit it, or, if they were too tall, would lop their legs down till they were short enough. Whence he was known not only as Slaughterer but as Prokroustês, because he stretched men thus."

This tale always made Medôn laugh, but Medontiphron rebuked him, because that stretching was more than a jest, seeing that it offended the gods of hospitality.

"And clearly by Poseidon's grace," he added, "he slew the robber that made the sea vile by forcing travellers first to wash his feet and then kicking them on a sudden into the water where they were devoured by a great tortoise whom he liked to watch eating them."

"If Poseidon hated that deed," said Diphilos, "why did he not slay the tortoise? For it was by eating the men that the tortoise, and not Skirôn, defiled the sea."

"That the tortoise might die by a death worthy of his crimes," said the other, "Poseidon waited till Theseus killed the robber and threw him in his turn to the tortoise to eat. And having eaten him, the tortoise felt himself stricken as with baleful poison throughout his belly, and died groaning dismally."

"Yet it was not the sea," said Diphilos, "that needed thereafter purification, but Theseus. And him, out of gratitude, the Sons of Eleusinian Phutalos accompanied as far as the stream Kephissos, and there purified him according to their ancient rites, and indeed have promised that year by year they will visit Athenai and cleanse her from any guilt of blood that may have settled on our citizens, due payment being made."

"May it be well," said Medontiphron. "But we are able to purify ourselves from our own guilt. For when Theseus came to the city, what else, indeed, did he do?"

For when Theseus had arrived in Athenai, he found, as I have said, that his father had been evicted by his cousin, a man who had at least fifty sons, all of whom Theseus slew, and put his father back. Moreover, Theseus found that his father had married a foreign woman called Medeia, and had had a son by her. (The tale of this woman, and of her bringing by a certain Iason from the east, who had sailed there to do traffic and to bring back fleeces to make coats of, has nothing to do with the sons of Medon, so I do not tell it. Enough to say that after much shedding of blood, they took refuge in Korinthos and lived there till Iason deserted Medeia to marry the daughter of the king of Korinthos, so that Medeia fled to Athenai and afterwards married the king there, Aigeos.) But very soon after the arrival of Theseus, this woman, together with her son, disappeared altogether,

having doubtless made herself invisible by her Eastern arts and flown away upon wings. She then having thus become invisible, Theseus, and not her son, succeeded to the kingship.

So it was clearly by the will of the gods that he had done what he did, whatever gods they might be. Nor did he cease to do great things, for he also slew a great boar that was infesting the plain of Marathon. This boar had been put there by Heraklês, a very strong man from the parts north of the Marathonian plain, from the town called Thêbai; he was a son of Zeus himself, as you might know from his strength, and a woman called Alkumené, and was born while her husband had long been absent, fighting a hostile tribe called the Teleboöi. But there is no space to narrate the exploits of the great Heraklês. The last thing of this sort that Theseus did was to stop the yearly tribute paid by Athenai to the island of Krêtê, for every year they had had to send tribute, especially slaves, boys and maidens. And such was the esteem that the kings of Krêtê held Theseus in, that one of them, instead of taking children from Athenai, gave him his own daughter, Ariadnê, to be his wife, though she was already espoused to a god of those parts.

Owing to this great power of his the villages of Attikê began to be glad of the Rock of Athenai, and to look to it as to the one place that might protect them, and they united themselves by bonds of justice and by oaths, and there was a place of justice at the foot of the Athenaian Rock, where they cursed themselves if they should prove faithless, and there were those who, from the summit of the plain of Marathon down to the southern sea, and from Mount Aigaleos across to the eastern sea, loved to meet at Athenai and keep the feast of the goddess no more as the Athenaia merely, but as Pan-Athenaia, so were they feeling that all that land was one, and they, all brothers, and the property of Athenê.

But far beyond the mountains Theseus began to become known to other kings and to bind himself to them, and them to himself, by promises. For by now the Northerners had grown so powerful in all those lands, even across the isthmus, that the older race, save in outlandish places and the wild mountains, held no more much rule. Not only had the incomers passed down by the Marathonian plain and filled for generations all that side of the country, and crossed the isthmus and filled towns along the southward coast, and

entered in by the bays and captured fortresses like Tiruns and Mukenai; but further west they had sailed straight across the sea as the old priest had told Brachymedon they would, and had made settlements as far south as Spartê and even further. Nor had their coming been merely one of bloodshed. They learned much from those among whom now they lived. They used the long spears and the great shields of the natives, and often wore their tight-fitting vests and kilts, and their helmets with horns like snails'; and when by fighting or by marriage they had made themselves fully masters of a place, they lived in the old castles without changing anything, though they never could learn to draw like the earlier folk in writhing spirals, but made lines like teeth, or in squares, or rings one inside the other, or hooks, like keys. Also they used the old roads that were built across the country, so wide that a chariot could be driven along them, and for commerce or other purposes they went from one town to another, and the kings would pay one another visits. Thus it came about that Tundareos, king in Spartê, had made himself guest and friend of the kings of the new Argos, not far across the isthmus, and he came there once with his daughters Klutaimnestra and Helenê, and their cousin Penelopeia, daughter of the brother of Tundareos, Ikarios, all of them mere children and no more. But Theseus, who was there too, invited them all to Attikê, for he thought it might be wise to obtain a promise that one of these three girls should marry some son of his, seeing that he was himself rather old for them, and not caring too much to harass Ariadnê.[1]

C. C. MARTINDALE.

[1] Metimedês died about 1310; Epimedon (2) about 1280; and Medontiphron 1250,

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

The "Biographer" of St. Edward the Confessor.

IN a well-known chapter of his *Norman Conquest* the late Professor E. A. Freeman identified himself with the view that the veneration felt for St. Edward by his contemporaries was somewhat luke-warm. Though they held him doubtless to be a well-meaning and exceptionally pious sovereign, there was, he declares, no great enthusiasm about their devotion to his memory. There would never have been any demand for his canonization if it had not been for certain political causes and for the legend of his compact with his Queen Edith to observe chastity. To this view, however, there was one rather serious difficulty in the language used of Edward by the anonymous writer whom it is convenient to call with Freeman and others "the Biographer." Believing, as Freeman himself, Luard and practically all other authorities have done, that the Biographer was a contemporary who at the latest wrote nine years after the King's death, we cannot reject his testimony as to the general attitude of those who had known St. Edward and lived with him. The evidence of the biographer is a very important element in the presentment of Edward's claim to saintship. But now comes forward a professor of Strasbourg University, M. Marc Bloch, who, writing in the authoritative and orthodox pages of the *Analecta Bollandiana,* pronounces against the early date of the *Vita Æduardi Regis* and declares that this primary source for the history of the saintly King is some forty or fifty years later than has hitherto been supposed, and is, speaking generally, an authority of no particular value. M. Bloch conveniently summarizes his conclusions as follows:

"The *Vita Æduardi Regis qui apud Westmonasterium requiescit* is certainly not older than 1103; it was to all appearance composed between 1103 and 1120 at Wilton; its object appears to have been to associate Queen Edith, the widow of the Confessor, who was a benefactress of the monastery in question, with the glory and perhaps also with the sanctity of the holy

King; further it is not impossible that in the execution of this purpose the author aimed at paying a delicate compliment to the second Queen Edith, the consort of Henry I.; in this case the work would be of earlier date than May 1st, 1118 (when the Queen died). However we look at it, so far as concerns the life and reign of Edward, the *Vita* must be considered as a source which here and there may supply some useful detail of information, but which as a whole is of extremely mediocre authority.[1]

We must confess that after a careful reperusal of the *Vita Æduardi* and a conscientious examination of M. Bloch's arguments we find it altogether impossible to agree with his judgment as to the late date of the document impugned. We may thank him cordially for the very painstaking text which he has provided in the same number of the *Analecta Bollandiana* of the hitherto unprinted Life of the Confessor by Osbert of Clare, and we may also recognize that his preliminary dissertation embodying the views just mentioned deserves a more detailed reply than we can find room for here, but so far from its being, as M. Bloch contends, "*hors de doute*" that the *Vita Æduardi* was not composed before the beginning of the twelfth century, his argumentation has not left in our mind a single misgiving with regard to the correctness of the view commonly received. Practically speaking, M. Bloch bases his attack entirely upon the "prophecy" attributed to St. Edward by his Biographer and alleged to have been uttered as the King lay dying. We may quote it in Professor Freeman's translation. After recounting how two monks, whom he had formerly known in Normandy, had appeared to him and told him that because of the wickedness of the Earls and the clergy of England, God had laid a curse upon the country, the King went on:

Then said I to them, "Let me then show these things to my people in the name of God. Haply they will repent, and His loving kindness will have mercy upon them. For He had mercy on the men of Nineveh, when they heard the voice of His threatening and repented them of their evil ways." But they answered me: "They will not repent, neither shall the mercy of God come nigh unto them." Then said I: "What shall be the time or the way in which we may look for these your threatenings to come to an end?" "In that day," they answered, "when a green tree shall be cut away from the midst of its trunk, when it shall be carried away for the space of three furlongs from its root, when, without the help of man, it shall again join itself to its trunk,

[1] *Analecta Bollandiana*, 1923, Vol. XLI., p. 44.

and shall again put forth leaves and bear fruit in its season—then shall be the time when the woes of England shall come to an end."

M. Bloch seems to think it impossible that St. Edward can really have had such a dream, or vision, and that consequently the story must have been invented at a later date. He believes that it commemorates the marriage of Henry I. to Edith (known among the Normans as Matilda), the daughter of St. Margaret of Scotland, who became Queen of England in 1100, and thus once more united the Norman and Saxon dynasties after three reigns, or furlongs, had separated the tree from its root. But surely, seeing that Henry I. married Matilda in November within a very short time of his accession to the throne, it was not three reigns, or furlongs, but two, which separated these royal lines. Only William the Conqueror and William Rufus had intervened. If the story had been *invented* then (in 1100), not *tria jugera*, but two, would have been named. No doubt when the Prince William, who afterwards perished in the White Ship, was born, the prophecy was remembered, and patriots sought to give it this interpretation. But we do not wish to lay any stress upon this consideration. Such dreams and interpretations were continually being discussed at this period. The pages of Giraldus Cambrensis at the end of the twelfth century swarm with them. Adam, the biographer of St. Hugh of Lincoln, had a wonderful vision in his sleep, just after the holy Bishop died, of a fallen pear-tree, to which he attached great symbolical importance.

In point of fact, we believe it to be in the highest degree unlikely that any writer of that age would have been capable of simulating, and so consistently acting up to, the fictitious devotion for Queen Edith and all her family which we find in the pages of the Biographer. It is impossible to argue the matter in a limited space, but we are convinced that his partisanship rings true and is no mere affectation. Furthermore, when M. Bloch seeks to prove that the Biographer gives proof of an ignorance which would have been impossible to any contemporary, because he speaks as if Earl Godwin had only four children, the blunder lies with the critic, and not with the Biographer. The latter refers by name to Harold, Leofwin (l. 528) Gyrth and Tostig, besides his patroness, Queen Edith; and, moreover, he makes mention, quite correctly (l. 125), of daughters in the plural.

When he compares Godwin's children to the four rivers of Paradise, he may possibly have been thinking of those who still survived in 1167. M. Bloch expresses his gratitude more than once for the kind assistance he has received from Dean Armitage Robinson. We should be curious to know whether the Dean endorses the views expressed in M. Bloch's article. He was certainly not of that opinion when he wrote more than twenty years ago:

> The love of his people for Edward was not the result of legends which clustered round his name in after times. In his life they were sure that he was a saint. At his death all England wept; and the Saxon biographer who wrote a year after he was gone, describes his burial here in these words: "His body, wet with his country's tears, was laid up in the sight of God."

In a note to this passage Dean Armitage Robinson, after quoting the Latin text of the Biographer, remarks that the writer in question "was a devoted servant of Queen Edith and a strong partisan of Earl Godwin. He seems to have written at the end of 1066 or shortly afterwards." Further, the Dean quotes from the same Biographer the Confessor's last words to the following effect:

> He sought to comfort his weeping Queen by saying: "Fear not; I shall not die, but shall by God's mercy be full well again." Nor did he play her false; for he did not die, but passed from death to life, to live with Christ.[1]

We must confess that the Anglican Dean seems to us here to be on altogether sounder ground than the rationalizing Strasbourg professor.

H. T.

WAS JOHN HOWARD PAYNE A CATHOLIC?

IN view of the many articles written à propos of the centenary of "Home, sweet Home," it is strange that no reference was made as to religious beliefs of John Howard Payne, the author of that immortal ballad. Just a hundred years ago the touching lyric of "Home, sweet Home" was sung for the first time, at Covent Garden Theatre, by Miss Marie Tree, and at once became popular. It was introduced into

[1] Armitage Robinson, *A Commemoration of King Edward the Confessor*; a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey, 1901, pp. 6 and 15.

a musical piece, misnamed an "opera," called "Clari, the Maid of Milan," written by Payne, and set to music by Bishop, which was produced on May 8, 1823. It has been said that Payne received "a paltry sum" for his "opera," but the fact is that Kemble paid him £250 for the performing rights, while Payne also got £50 for the copyright from John Miller, the Fleet Street publisher.

Before answering the query which is the main object of the present note, a brief sketch of Payne's life may be given, just the merest outline, as the Press has given full publicity to the romantic career of one who sang of "Home, sweet Home," and yet who was himself an exile for the greater part of his life.

John Howard Payne was born in New York on June 9, 1791, and at an early age took to the stage, making his debut at the Park Theatre, in the character of Norval in *Douglas*, in February, 1807. After five years' experience at various American theatres, he decided to try his fortune in England, and, armed with good credentials, he made his debut at Drury Lane Theatre as Norval in 1813, creating a favourable impression. His Irish tour of 1814 was a success, and he formed a lasting friendship with Daniel O'Connell, then beginning to make a name as a barrister. The following extract from a letter written by Payne to O'Connell speaks for itself of their intimacy:

London, October 28th, 1816.

I want you to arrange a little matter for me in Dublin. . . . During my first eight months at Paris I lived under seven different governments. During that time I prepared five theatrical pieces for Drury Lane Theatre, by desire of Mr. Kinnaird. Harris, of Covent Garden, offered me an engagement, and advised me to play in Dublin. I have written to Farren. I therefore presume on the honour of your friendship to request that you will see William Farren [manager of the Dublin Theatre Royal] and endeavour to arrange with him on the terms I now specify—£5 a week for a three weeks' engagement, and a free Benefit—playing the *Accusation* and the *Broken Sword* (lately performed at Covent Garden), with the music, scenery, etc. I will open with *Douglas*: Mrs. Glover will probably play Lady Randolph. I shall leave London for Dublin on Saturday next.

Phillip tells me that my little Kate is faithful to her early vows. I hope soon to assure her personally of my gratitude.

With best remembrances to Mrs. O'Connell and all the family, I beg to remain (etc.)

When Payne was in Paris, in 1822, he formed a number of acquaintances, including Rev. Dr. Kearney, Rector of the Irish College, but he was generally found in the company of Mary Lamb, the sister of the famous Charles. From Crabb Robinson's Diary the following extract is à propos: "Mary Lamb, her only male friend is a Mr. Payne, whom she praises exceedingly for his kindness and attention to Charles. He is the author of *Brutus*, and has a good face."

Payne sent the music as well as the verses of "Home, sweet Home" to Sir Henry Bishop, and as there is much misconception as to the source of the melody, it seems tolerably certain that Bishop's share in it was merely as an "arranger." Here is Payne's own account, communicated to his friend James Rees, of Philadelphia:

> I first heard the air in Italy. One beautiful morning, as I was strolling alone amid some delightful scenery, my attention was arrested by the sweet voice of a peasant girl who was carrying a basket laden with flowers and vegetables. This plaintive air she trilled out with so much sweetness and simplicity that the melody at once caught my fancy. I accosted her, and after a few moments conversation, I asked the name of the song, which she could not give me, but having a slight knowledge of music myself—only enough for the purpose—I dotted down the notes as best as I could. *It was this air that suggested the words of "Home Sweet Home," both of which I sent to Bishop at the same time I was preparing the opera of Clari for Mr. Kemble. Bishop happened to know the air perfectly well, and adapted the music to the words.*

Payne got into low water again in 1831, and he returned to New York, when he took up journalistic work. At length, in 1842, he was appointed Consul at Tunis, a post which he held for five years. Owing to a change of Government he had to resign in 1847, and returned to America, but in 1851 he was reinstated at Tunis, and retained the Consulship till his death on April 1, 1852. A few weeks before his death he was received into the Catholic Church by the vicar of the Catholic Bishop of Tunis, and died an edifying death, surrounded by the good Sisters of Charity.

For evidence of Payne's reception into the bosom of the Church the following letter from Father Abram Joseph Ryan, the poet-priest of the Confederate army, author of "The Conquered Banner," a friend of Payne's, may be taken as conclusive. This letter was written to the *Catholic Columbia* in 1883:

The author of "Home Sweet Home" has found a home of loving, pathetic memory in countless hearts. How many know that this sad heart had found a home in the Catholic Church? When the corpse of the homeless exile was brought to this country, how is it that a minister of the Episcopal Church officiated at his obsequies? In 1852 Payne died, in the 62nd year of his age. The Catholic Bishop of Tunis was on terms of closest intimacy with the poet, and the priest who prayed at his grave spoke often of him in terms of highest praise.

During his sickness the Sisters of Charity—Rosalie, Josephine, Marie, and Celeste—nursed him. And they, with his Moorish domestics and his Mussulman servant, Mohammed, saw his spirit pass away, and closed his eyes in death. This information will be new to many, and will gladden many a Catholic heart.

Though buried at Tunis, in 1852, a movement was initiated and successfully carried out by an Irish Catholic admirer of the poet, General Corcoran, a pupil of Georgetown University, as a result of which, as Father Ryan indicates, the remains of Payne were taken to America, and removed to Oak Cemetery, Washington, where a monument was erected by public subscription in June, 1883.

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

Religious Persecution in Russia.

The first idea that occurs to one on reading of the persecution of the Catholic Church in Bolshevik Russia, culminating in the martyrdom of Mgr. Butkevitch and the savage sentences on the Archbishop of Petrograd and others, is wonder that such was not the fate of all the Catholic clergy under the Soviet Government at the very beginning of its bloodstained sway. The Bolshevik beast is only acting according to his kind. If now, when enjoying partial recognition by the Powers for trade purposes, admitted on conditions to Conferences and in need of the world's good will to prolong his tenure of rule, he has shown himself completely indifferent to outside opinion, ignoring with open or silent contempt the pleas for forbearance transmitted by the civilized nations, as well as by the Catholic Church and the various Christian sects, what made him hold his hand from the extremes of persecution at a time when, in his first mad excesses of violence, he cared even less for what "the bourgeois" thought of him? It is true that the Bolsheviks assailed the Orthodox

Church and did to death thousands of its priests and many bishops: it is also true that these victims and the brave prelate Archbishop Tikhon, with many of the Orthodox clergy after their declaration of autonomy in 1917, stood out for the Christian ideal, but the attack upon them was part and parcel of the war against the old political regime. The Orthodox Church was still regarded as belonging to the old regime and naturally shared the fate of the State which had supported it, just as our Anglican establishment as such would perish if England became a republic. On the other hand, in persecuting Catholicism, the Bolsheviks are at last at grips with the religious idea itself, the very antithesis of their own godless creed, against which their fiercest hatred must needs be directed. That it has been so slow in finding its object is perhaps an indication that even diabolism needs time to mature in human heads and hearts. The event also shows, we think, that the end of that hideous despotism is at hand. It is characteristic of Satan and his dupes to over-reach themselves: their blind hate cannot read the lessons of history and so they are perpetually trying issue with the invincible Church of Christ to their own sure discomfiture.

Other Forms of Religious Persecution.

The spontaneity and universality of the protests from every land and every creed against these outrageous trials have been naturally very gratifying to Catholics, as has also been the practically unanimous press condemnation of their issue. Alone, we believe, amongst English papers the *Daily Herald* disgraced itself by attempting to palliate the crimes; another proof, if proof were needed, of the atheistic tendencies of the extreme elements of the Labour movement. Unless the worker can dissociate himself from this element and abandon the godless Marxian gospel which inspires it, his cause will never prosper. It is that element that supports the abominable "Red" Sunday Schools where, under cover of a vague humanitarianism, children are taught class-hatred and contempt for religion, the issue of which is Bolshevism. But the very unanimity of this denunciation of religious persecution by the press prompts several reflections. Is it due to a real appreciation of the sinfulness of oppressing religion or to a well-deserved detestation of the Bolshevik and all his works? We have had persecution of Catholics in France, yet the English press has condoned if not defended it. And the scant sympathy shown by many English papers to the Portuguese Church, when harassed by the Masonic Revolution there, is still fresh in our memories. Furthermore, the disabilities,actual or threatened, which Catholics here are exposed to in the matter of education—what are they but phases of persecution akin to that of the Bolsheviks? With singular blindness, considering the

object-lesson before their eyes of what godless education leads to, there are many even amongst our statesmen who wish to abolish real religious training or to penalize schools which impart it. Some of the Labour Party have declared for that contradiction in terms, "secular education": we know where this inspiration comes from. But hardly less foolish are they who, under plea of greater efficiency, would insist on a uniform system of schools in a community of different religious beliefs. Since the projected betrayal by the Anglican authorities of their own denominational schools, the agitation against the dual system has grown in force and Catholics are faced with the prospect of State persecution on account of their faith, which will differ only in degree from that which the Church meets with in Russia. When will the benighted public conscience of this land recognize that the denial of the child's right to religious education according to its parents' conscientious belief is not only a gross injustice to parents and child but a grievous injury to the State itself?

No Stable Morality without Dogmatic Religion.

It may surprise the various good folks,—Labour men, doctrinaire Liberals, Nonconformists, Free-thinkers and non-thinkers generally—who are opposed to dogmatic religious instruction as an essential feature in school-training to be told that in this matter they are own brothers to the Russian Bolsheviks. There is no stable morality apart from God. Reject the first three commandments of the Decalogue and you destroy the remaining seven as well. That is why, conscious of her divine mission, the Church holds to her schools to the death. That is why her Bishops denounce those weak-kneed Catholics who from mere worldly motives risk their children's salvation by sending them to Protestant schools. That is why she resists in America, in France, in Ireland, as well as here, the specious argument that those who will hereafter mingle in public life should also be united during their school years. National unity is not to be purchased by the destruction of definite faith; national efficiency would be a poor exchange for moral deterioration. Yet many of those, who fulminate against the "Red" Sunday Schools, are doing their best, by denouncing the Catholic attitude, to bring about the destruction of real education. By thus invading the rights of conscience they are making easier the subordination of the individual to the State which is the crime of Prussianism, Bolshevism, and the soul-crushing bureaucracy which Communism leads to. They are calling on the one hand for suppression of evil anti-civic teaching, and on the other, opening the door to training which lack any sound moral foundation. If the State were wise even with human wisdom it would put Catholicism in a place of privilege as the only religion which,

by setting authority on its true basis, consults both human liberty and the welfare of the community.

Anti-Catholic School Legislation in Ulster.

One does not expect religious enlightenment from the Orange Parliament of N. E. Ulster and one of the weightiest arguments against the maintenance of that artificial State is the grave injustice, in regard to education and other matters, to which it exposes the considerable Catholic minority there. That injustice is already threatened by the Education Bill introduced by Lord Londonderry which proposes that any religious training which is given must be given outside school hours at the expense of the particular religious body concerned. This is, of course, practically a denial that religion is essential in all true education and the Catholic Bishops of the Six Counties have issued a vehement yet reasoned protest against the Bill. Their Lordships point out that the retrograde step taken by the Orange Parliament in abolishing Proportional Representation,and its re-arrangement of Local Government Board areas so as to deprive Catholics of the possibility of being elected thereon,combine to create a serious outlook for their people. Yet *The Times Educational Supplement* has the effrontery to say that "Ulster Protestants are striving in every way to meet the needs of their Roman Catholic fellow-citizens!" Whatever they may be *aiming at*, what the Ulster Parliament is *doing* in its educational measure is violating one of the fundamental human rights of the Catholic child. We are glad to be able to add that the representatives of various Protestant bodies have joined the Catholic Bishops in protesting against the religious provisions of the Bill, with the result that Lord Londonderry has promised amendments in the Committee stage.

Persecution in Rumania.

The crimes of religious and civic intolerance which the Jewish rulers of Soviet Russia are perpetrating there, are being repeated with more or less virulence in many of those semi-civilized "Succession" States, which the dissolution of the Austrian Empire set up or aggrandized. A great wave of irreligion has apparently swept over these half-fledged peoples, and their Governments are assiduously practising the crimes and follies which invariably attend the godless revolutionary spirit. Everywhere the State is usurping the rights of conscience and penalising the practice of Catholicity. To some extent this may be a reaction from the old Austrian misgovernment with which high Catholic ecclesiastics were supposed to have been involved, but whatever grounds there may be for that amongst the Serbs and the Czechs, there is no excuse for the outrageous conduct of the Rumanian government which has embarked upon a series of

violently unjust measures against the various minorities recently added to its sway. Rumania has its pre-war territory more than doubled by the Treaty of Trianon, but instead of giving equal citizen rights to the new races brought under its rule, it has striven by every method of repression and persecution to exile or enslave them. The ill-treatment of three years culminated just before Easter in a Constitution Reform Bill, the terms and effect of which has moved *The Times* (April 16th), not too prone to vindicate religious liberty abroad, to a grave and indignant protest. By methods of terrorism so manifest that the Opposition refused to take their seats, the Prime Minister, in November, 1921, secured a huge Liberal majority, whose "Liberalism" has since been shown by systematic violation of the treaties, both of Trianon and Alba Julia, whereby the civil and religious rights of the national minorities were protected. A correspondent of *America* (Feb. 24th), writing from his own experience, gave an appalling picture of the actual violence shown to members of the Catholic clergy, and said of the governing class generally that they were little better than a race of savages. From the Vienna *Reichpost*, quoted in *The Times* (April 10th), we learn the effect of the penal legislation against non-Rumanians—Catholics, Protestant and Unitarians—which these savages are enforcing, especially the expulsion of the religious Orders.

> It hits the cure of souls hard, but above all it hits the schools and hospitals. The Church schools of Transylvania and the neighbouring districts, which were formerly Hungarian, have been entirely reorganized with the co-operation of the Catholic orders. Without their help countless schools which have hitherto held a high reputation are bound to close, since there are not sufficient lay teachers available. All the large hospitals in Alba Julia, Vrasov, Cluj, and many other towns are staffed by the Catholic orders. If the law is actually put into effect the oldest Catholic cultural institutions of new Rumania will be threatened with extinction.

The object? The old vulgar one of loot. *The Times* says bluntly—

> The project [of expulsion] was no doubt in part inspired by a desire to secularize [otherwise, confiscate] the estates belonging to the Orders.

and in conclusion calls upon the King of Rumania to intervene and save his country from impending ruin. It is right to add that the representative of Rumania in the League of Nations has written an official *démenti* of the *Times* charges (*Times*, April 27th), but the weight of evidence seems to be against his disclaimers.

What is the League of Nations Doing?

One consideration forces itself upon our notice when we see with what impunity, in States which so benefited by the "war for the defence of civilization," the first principles of civilization—respect for treaties, civil and religious liberties, the laws of property—are violated, and that is—what has become of the League of Nations, that great engine created by the Powers with the express object of seeing that the principles, for which the war was supposed to have been fought, were held sacred by all the signatories. Rumania was one of the original signatories of the League Covenant, yet now it is behaving towards its own citizens in a manner which would disgrace a tribe of barbarians. How is it that none of its fellow-members in the League take any notice? Speaking in Westminster Cathedral on Easter Sunday, Cardinal Bourne deplored the continued ignoring of the Holy See on the part of the League of Nations. After saying that Catholics in various countries had gladly given support and encouragement to the League, and praised the measure of success that it had attained, his Eminence continued—

> But it is matter of sorrow and of profound amazement to Catholics to see how the organizers of the League of Nations, devoted and earnest though they be, have so far been unable to understand that their efforts are doomed to only very limited success, so long as they refuse—as so far they have refused—to seek openly, frankly, and publicly the adhesion, counsel, and support of the supreme authority of the Catholic Church. In this matter consciences are of more account than armies; and, though the Holy See has no armed forces at its disposal, its power over the consciences of men has no parallel elsewhere. Is such a force to be despised, to be treated as of no account, as till now it has been treated by the League of Nations? If this attitude continues, and a God-given source of moral energy be thus ignored, the League of Nations will have but feeble life, and a puny, brief existence.

Had there been a representative of this world-wide force in the Council of the League, which itself aims at being world-wide, we may be sure that the world would long since have been ringing with the misdeeds of the Bukarest politicians. The comparative impotence of the League, which its best friends must recognize and deplore, is precisely due to its ostentatious disregard of the Holy See. We cannot be surprised, however disappointed we may be, that the President of the United States, the refusal of which to co-operate has done so much to weaken the League, should have lately described it as "an association of diplomatists and politicians, whose determinations are sure

to be influenced by considerations of expediency and national selfishness."

The League the only Corrective of the War-Mind.

However, allowing for the imperfections of the present League, the fact remains that some sort of association of the world-powers, wherein questions concerning the good of the world as a whole can be discussed and decided, some sort of federation which, without interfering with national sovereignty will settle by process of law matters of international difference affecting the welfare of the race, remains the goal to which all constructive statesmanship should laboriously and intelligently aspire. We cannot say that, as yet, any nation keeps it permanently in view, though the existing League helps to preserve the idea from extinction. And individual politicians forget it altogether, as for instance, the gentleman who wrote to *The Times* on March 29th, pointing out that whereas the fighting forces ten years ago cost £79,000,000, they now cost £50,000,000 more, and yet London has no adequate air defences.

> France [he says] has 1260 war aeroplanes, Britain has 371. The French machines are mostly in France, the British machines are mainly abroad. I do not suggest for a moment that France will attack London, but when the taxpayer is so sweated, we ought not to be at the mercy of even a friendly neighbour.

The logic is not easy to follow. The taxpayer is sweated: therefore we must spend more on armaments. France will never attack us; nevertheless, we must arm against her. But the passage is thoroughly characteristic of the war-mind, which can imagine no security except in superior force, to be obtained by armament competition prolonged indefinitely. One good effect, even of the present League, is that its plans for armament reduction on a gradually increasing scale are enabling the public mind to realise that competitive armaments do not prevent, but rather produce war. Especially if the manufacture of deadly weapons is left in private hands. It was good news then that the League Council at Geneva, on April 22nd, has determined to ask the U.S.A. whether it will co-operate with other governments in the control of this dangerous traffic.

Hopes of Naval Armament Reduction.

The statement made at the end of March by Mr. Amery, the First Lord, that, since the Washington Conference and in accord with its terms, Britain had scrapped 35 battleships and battle-cruisers, 83 cruisers, 280 destroyers, 95 torpedo-boats, 101 submarines and 240 other vessels of war, together with a vast

mass of auxiliary minor craft, about 2,000,000 tons of combatant shipping in all, should convince the most sceptical that this country is in real earnest about naval reductions. She has made a great act of faith in the other signatories of the Washington Treaty, all of whom, except France, have now ratified it, but none of whom, except Britain, have given it such genuine effect. There is good hope that the French Chamber will not refuse to implement the Treaty, a hope which is greatly strengthened by a recent pronouncement of M. de Kerguezec, Chairman of the Naval Committee of the French Senate, who, on April 5th, in advocating the summoning of a further naval armament Conference, made the startling announcement that in such a Conference he would guarantee "in the name of the French Parliament, that France would suppress her entire fleet if the other Powers would do likewise." In the same statement [1] he further said that a new Washington Treaty was the need of the hour, a treaty which would have for its purpose the scrapping of the big navies. "It is only nations with offensive plans who need capital ships." This breath of sanity from this quarter is very refreshing and, assuming that he spoke with the approbation of the higher authorities, M. de Kerguezec is justified in his comment — "It is very curious that the world speaks of 'imperialistic France'."

This view, moreover, was anticipated in a remarkable memorandum by one of the British Admirals, Rear-Admiral Hopwood, issued before the Washington Conference, and since submitted to the L. of N. Commission for the Reduction of Armaments. Herein the Admiral argues that, since every increase of efficiency in naval weapons is counteracted by some fresh defensive device, it would be simpler and infinitely more cheap to give up the sea altogether as a battle-ground, and employ, for the multitude of non-belligerent naval purposes, a fleet of "lightly armed cruisers of say 1,000 to 8,000 tons, so equipped and stationed as to constitute no possible threat to each other or to maritime trade." Since alone of the Great Powers, England, America and Japan, continue to build battleships, one would think that an agreement of that sort might be easily come to.

Why France seeks security by herself.

Some words at the end of M. de Kerguezec's statement deserve attention as in part, at any rate, explaining the present attitude of France towards Germany. "To-day," he says, "France is obliged to remain armed because of one of the greatest injustices of history, namely, the withdrawing of the guarantees given her in the Versailles Treaty." He refers doubtless, not to the guarantees given by Germany and contained in Articles 42

[1] Made to the Associated Press and quoted in *America*, April 14th.

and 43 of the Treaty, but to the supplementary agreements between France on the one hand and England and America on the other, binding the latter Powers to stand by the former in the event of unprovoked aggression by Germany, agreements signed on the same day as the Treaty and meant to supplement it for a time. We have always regretted from the point of view of peace that the United States, and in consequence England, refused to ratify those agreements. They were meant to be temporary, merely inside assurances under the League of Nations, their existence itself would have prevented any need of their fulfilment and they would have saved stricken France the enormous expense of her large armies. England, as we know, was willing to give the guarantee, and so the blame of the present situation lies really, if somewhat remotely, at the door of the American Senate.

That situation does not improve. The best friends of France may still feel that, if not exactly throwing good money after bad, she is making by the Ruhr invasion, her economic recovery through the aid of German reparations more uncertain and remote. It is much to be desired that Germany would give unequivocal assurances of her intention to make good the damage she caused, for, so far, there is no trust between the two nations. She is not in a position, in fact or in law, to refuse, however much she may feel it. Even if the damage had been done unintentionally, she would be obliged to make it good. The only dispute is as to her capacity. We are told that she can pay, that her financiers are multi-millionaires, that she has enormous sums invested abroad, that she is spending much in internal development, that her citizens are comparatively lightly taxed. These are statements of her adversaries which we have no means of checking. On the other hand, we know that the distress amongst her population is extreme. The worthlessness of her currency alone would prove that. Father Duhr writes in the *Stimmen*—

> Hundreds of thousands of children are languishing away, and hundreds of thousands, in fact, more than half of all German children, are constantly under-nourished. . . . Investigations made by the Ministry of Labour have resulted in laying bare a terrifying condition of general deterioration. In various districts 70 per cent. of the children were under-nourished. Another investigation showed that 20 per cent. of the city children, in their third, fourth and fifth year of life, were unable to walk without support.

And, of course, destitution presses most heavily upon the various charitable institutions, hospitals, convents, and religious houses, whose income in any case is small and precarious. This fact at any rate reaches us Catholics, who are saddened by con-

stant appeals, to satisfy which we can do so little: generally speaking, the secular press ignores the universal distress in Germany, which, be it noted, has no parallel in the countries of her conquerors. In February, Cardinal Schulte, speaking in the name of the united Catholic organizations of the occupied territory [*i.e.*, the Ruhr], sent out an appeal to the Catholics of the world stating in poignant detail the moral and physical evils resulting from the occupation, both there and throughout Germany.

The wrong attitude towards Peace.

There are those who are unchristian enough to think,or at least to say,"Serve Germany right," and to accuse of pro-Germanism those who pity these victims of continued warfare. In these matters the Catholic is safe in following the lead of the Pope who exhorts all to shed narrow nationalistic views and consider the good of humanity, which is peace and reconciliation. We venture to think that the French prelate who said the other day, "L'ennemie n'a pas assez ressenti le poids de la défaite," was mistaken as to fact, and still more as to principle, when he added, "Toutes choses ont dû être ramenées à la mesure de l'intérêt national, et le devoir de Catholiques, comme des autres citoyens, a dû prendre pour mot d'ordre 'France d'abord' et après, s'il se peut, la paix du monde."[1] It is true that the speaker in a later passage denounced racial hatred, exaggerated patriotism and the pessimism that derides all efforts to abolish war, but the *mot d'ordre* which he gives as the duty of French Catholics is difficult to reconcile with true Catholicism. "Every true Catholic," said Dean Inge the other day, meaning to be denunciatory, "is only conditionally a patriot." And for once he was right in his estimate of Catholicism. Patriotism, which does not acknowledge the limits and checks of God's law and of Christian charity, is no virtue for a Catholic, nor indeed, for any conscientious man. National interests which disturb the peace of the world are not really national interests, for universal peace and good will are of greater worth than any sectional advantage. And it is not only for the common interest of the world at large, but also for the particular interest of France, as all will acknowledge who can see even a few generations ahead, that two such nations as France and Germany should be friends.

Protestant Futility.

It is singular enough that the supporters of a decaying Protestantism should have been able to fill the Albert Hall, on April 10th, with a crowd of fanatics in order to pass a resolution calling on the King not to visit the Pope. It shows that under

[1] Speech of Mgr. Julien, Bishop of Arras, printed in *Les Amitiés Catholiques Françaises*, March 15, 1923.

the surface-indifference with which the non-Catholic regards the Church, certain sparks of the old intolerant bigotry still smoulder and that, given occasion, a modern Lord George Gordon might still be able to arouse a mob of a few thousand to a frenzy of fear and fury against their Catholic fellow-citizens. But nothing happily is less likely. The press has left us in ignorance of what the nonentities who addressed the Albert Hall meeting had to say for themselves. The impudent telegram they addressed to his Majesty, spoke of the proposed visit as "a source of much sorrow to millions of your devoted and loyal Protestant subjects." It did not strike them that their devotion and loyalty would be better exhibited by refraining from instructing the King on a point of ordinary courtesy. Still less do they appear to realise that they have no exclusive claims upon the monarch, and that he belongs to Catholics just as much as to themselves. It is useful to remember that the strange type of mentality shown in all its ugliness by these few bigots was once all but universal in this country. It has taken many years for Catholics to progress from a state of persecution to one of mere tolerance and thence to more or less complete recognition to-day of their citizen rights. And there are clearly some of our fellow-citizens benighted enough to wish to reverse the process. It hardly needed the dignified denunciation of this foolish demonstration which appeared in *The Times* for April 21st,—quantum mutatus!—to put these "agitators" in the pillory as guilty of stupidity and bad taste. The King, of course, acknowledged, but otherwise ignored, their fatuous message: he has too much native courtesy and too much sense of what is due to the Catholics of the Commonwealth to fail in proper respect to the Supreme Head of the Church.

The Housing Problem.

If one were asked the chief reason for the widespread discontent amongst the workers, the answer would almost certainly be, not the price of beer, nor Bolshevik bribery, but their housing conditions. There was a time when the labourer seemed content with a hovel because either he had not sensibility enough to appreciate its unfitness, or he lacked the power to voice his discomfort. But now, although very many are still undeveloped enough to tolerate degrading conditions, the modicum of education, which is provided by the State schools, has resulted in a general and quite intelligible dissatisfaction with the inhuman conditions in which vast numbers are compelled to live. And so the Government has once more attempted a solution of the Housing Question. It is a matter which should be debated temperately, and the Labour Party are doing themselves no credit by their impatience with the economic considerations which the

Government and the municipalities are compelled to respect. No factor, indeed, is free from blame. If there is profiteering amongst the master-builders, through rings and trusts increasing the price of materials, there is also barefaced restriction of output amongst the workers which also enhances the cost of building. And there is also, what architects have always complained of, a number of rigid municipal bye-laws which forbid the use of certain cheap materials. The difficulty facing the Government is a curious one, viz., that, the shortage being so great, unless they favour the building of houses, which provide the very minimum of comfort and convenience they will be taken by the class above that which needs them most—the very poor.

The Progress of the C.T.S.

At the annual meeting of the C.T.S., on April 12th, reports were issued which showed that this great movement for the conversion of England, not by proselytism but by argument and persuasion, had by no means spent its force, but rather was advancing to new and fruitful developments. The membership which before the Forward Movement has never exceeded two or three thousand, now totals more than ten thousand, an increase which struck the Cardinal, who presided, as something "quite exceptional and probably quite unprecedented in the history of any Catholic society in this country." The growth of Branches in several great centres of population is also noteworthy, and an important new move has been made in arranging for the representation of those Branches on the Central Committee. That Committee itself has been reduced in numbers with a view to greater efficiency, and subsequently, at its first meeting and with the same end in view, the Committee elected a smaller Executive. Two important points were made at the annual meeting, one by his Honour Judge Parfitt, who appealed for more general support from younger Catholics, whose energies could not be better directed than in furtherance of this Apostolate. The great increase in C.T.S. membership was but a fraction of what was aimed at, and a smaller fraction still of what true Catholic zeal should produce. The other point, stressed by H. E. the Cardinal, was that the greater volume and variety of the work now undertaken by the Society was in no sense an extension of its original scope, travelling beyond the aims of its founders, but rather a fuller realization of those aims as expressed in its Articles. And the Cardinal particularly instanced in illustration of this fact, the acquisition of the Bexhill Library, which has so directly in view the third and fourth of the Society's objects—"To spread amongst non-Catholics information about Catholicism" and "To promote the circulation of good, cheap and popular Catholic books." A full report of the meeting, with the

Cash Account for 1922, is published in *Catholic Truth* for May, the new monthly journal of the C.T.S., which is of immense service in spreading information about the Society and keeping alive the interest of its members, as well as in itself making positive contributions to the cause of historical and religious truth.

It seems to us that the problem before the Society, in addition to the perennial need of increased membership, is how to secure better distribution and a quicker turnover of its stock. Its very success has brought fresh burdens, for the obligation of supplying "guinea subscribers" with free copies of its cheaper publications now involves much larger editions and a heavier printing bill, without a corresponding return. It would be a real help to the Society if those who do not want the pamphlets for their own use were to waive their rights in this respect.

The Rights of Uniate Catholics

It would be sad if to the political and racial divergences, which are always tending to mar the unity of Catholicism, should be added a quarrel about rites. The Church has always wisely tolerated rubrical differences which do not touch the integrity of the sacraments or imply false doctrine. Yet some of her children do not in practice recognize this wisdom and, in the new republic of Poland for instance, attempts are said to be in progress to compel Uniates to adopt the Latin rite. That new Catholic State has so many enemies in Europe that one cannot accept without strong evidence reports to her detriment, but in this case the complaints are so substantial that the Holy See has sent an Apostolic visitor to report upon the situation. As those who have read the striking article by the Archbishop of Lemberg, printed in this issue, may judge, nothing could be more detrimental to the cause of Catholic unity than any attempt to Latinize the Greeks, or even to imply that Uniates are in some way inferior Catholics to those using the Latin rites. Mgr. Szeptycki himself, who is the Ruthenian Metropolitan of Lemberg—a Galician city which sometimes appears in print as Lwow, and is the seat of a Latin and an Armenian Archbishopric as well—speaks from experience when he advocates, as the best way to win over the Orthodox to Catholic Unity, an extensive adoption of Oriental rites by Latin missionaries, and the enrolment of Orientals, retaining their own rites, in the religious Orders of the West.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Civil Marriage [Rev. Professor Clays in *Glasgow Observer*, April 7, 1923].

Mixed Marriages: their essential danger and imperfection [J. B. McLaughlin, O.S.B., in *Catholic Times*, April 7, 1923, p. 7].

Race Suicide, The Evils of [*Glasgow Observer*, March 17, 1923, and subsequent issues].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

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St. Francis Xavier: recent exposition of his body [E. Heras in *Razón y Fe*, Feb. 1923. p. 202].

Zionism unfair and in practice anti-Christian [A. H. Atteridge in *America*, Feb. 17, 1923, p. 418].

REVIEWS

I —LE POINT DE DÉPART DE LA MÉTAPHYSIQUE:[1]

THE fascicule published under the above title is the first instalment of a work on the "historical and theoretical development of the Problem of Knowledge," which is to be completed in six such fascicules. If metaphysics be possible, says Père Maréchal, it must necessarily start from the affirmation of something objective and absolute. Is an affirmation of this kind to be found within the content of our experience such that it will carry with it all the guarantees demanded by the most exacting criticism? Père Maréchal is of opinion that there is, but he would not, like most scholastics, rest content with the statement that this is "objectively evident." Nor yet would he deem it sufficient evidence that in practice we are bound to make such affirmations. He would show that to abstain from making them implies a logical contradiction. In short, there exists for Père Maréchal a "critical problem," though it took centuries to realize its existence, and has taken centuries more to realize its precise nature. And that problem has a solution, which at bottom is that given, not by Descartes or Kant or Hegel, nor yet by Scotus and his school, but by St. Thomas.

This first *cahier* deals with the problem of knowledge as it presented itself to the Greeks and again to the scholastics, notably to St. Thomas, to Scotus and to William of Occam. In view of the influence which the philosophy of St. Augustine has upon scholastics in general and Scotus in particular, one regrets that this link in the chain is omitted, especially as St. Augustine discusses in detail the scepticism of the New Academy, and gives much the same answer to the Probabilism of Carneades that is given by Père Maréchal. But, if *une série vraiment typique d'attitudes en face du problème fondamental de l'épistémologie* is incomplete without St. Augustine, the representatives selected, both from the Greeks and from the Scholastics, are certainly typical, and their attitude towards the problem is sketched with admirable precision and clearness. Apart altogether from the

[1] By J. Maréchal, S.J., D.Sc. Cahier I. Bruges: Charles Beyaert. Pp. xii. 161. Price, 12.50 fr. 1923.

central problem which Père Maréchal has set himself to solve, his book should prove of great value to students in that it presents the history of philosophy from a single point of view. Different philosophers and diverse philosophies are thus connected together in a manner far more coherent and intelligible than is usual in the histories of philosophy with which we are familiar.

For our modern scholastics, on the other hand, the chief interest of Père Maréchal's work, so far as this fascicule is concerned, will probably lie in his very able and very acute discussion of the relative values of Thomism and Scotism. Scotus of late has been coming into his own once again. More than one treatise on his philosophy has recently appeared, and another is in course of preparation by a Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. There is, moreover, a remarkable likeness between Scotus's attitude towards reality and that of mathematicians such as Mr. Russell or the "new" realist school in America. For Père Maréchal, none the less, Duns Scotus is quite definitely "a back number." Instead of advancing along the lines St. Thomas had outlined, his formal distinctions, his denial of the analogy of *ens*, his assertion of *materia primo-prima* as an existent entity apart from form, ruined the Thomist position, unsolved the problem to which St. Thomas had given a correct answer, and led inevitably to the scepticism of Occam. I must confess that as yet I do not find myself convinced by Père Maréchal's arguments. St. Thomas affirms that "*receptum est in recipiente secundum modum recipientis*," and that "*modus intellectus non est necessario modus rei.*" It is therein precisely that, as Père Maréchal points out, the critical problem arises. Knowledge for St. Thomas involves abstraction, and abstraction may involve falsification. Yet to affirm that error arises only in the judgment is no answer to this difficulty, if the concepts which are put together in judgment be in themselves neither true nor false, but "*simple état subjectif*" (pp. 66, 67). It *is* solved, on the other hand, if, with Scotus, we affirm that in simple concepts we have intuitive knowledge of reality, though as yet of realities only in the singular. Nor does the Scotus position, as I understand it, involve the denial of that similarity which is the basis of the genuine universal (cf. p. 74). Scotus admits similarity, but denies identity, both with respect to members of the same species, and with respect to created beings and

God. So far is he, in fact, from thinking that the univocal significance of "being" is equivalent to the denial of Divine transcendence, that he refuses to admit that God is present in creatures *per essentiam*. They are like Him, yet "other," both numerically and in their finite perfection. Strictly speaking, we should not say that they share the Divine nature, but merely that they grow in its similitude.

No doubt there are difficulties in the ultra-realism of Scotus, and no doubt, where he differs from St. Thomas, the differences are more than merely verbal. Yet I think that Père Maréchal over-emphasizes them, especially in his insistence on the activity of intelligence in St. Thomas, as opposed to its passivity in Scotus. For by "activity" Père Maréchal understands *constructive* activity. The *intellectus agens*, as he interprets it, is a "*forme synthétique . . . dont aucun donné n'épuise la capacité constructive*" (pp. 78, 79). I foresee difficulties here, analogous to those involved in the Kantian position. On p. 153 there is the outline of an answer, based on the "*nécessité de l'affirmation objective*," which is involved in the "*nécessité de l'action*," and in turn is alleged to involve the "*nécessité absolue de l'être*." The adequacy of this answer will depend upon whether the author can show that the necessity of action is not merely a human need but of the metaphysical order, and upon his ability to prove that "the absolute necessity of being" is involved in its human affirmation. We shall await, therefore, with much interest, the appearance of *cahier v.*, in which this proof is to be given, and meanwhile will thank the learned author for providing us with an essay in philosophy which is no mere repetition of past truisms, but a genuine attempt, both critical and constructive, to face problems as they present themselves to the intelligences of our own age.

L. J. W.

2—NAPOLEON III.[1]

WE must confess to having had hitherto but little interest in the Second Empire or the Third Napoleon, but before we had read many pages of Mr. F. A. Simpson's latest sketch of the Emperor, our interest was fully aroused. The book is a close study of eight eventful years, whereof

[1] *Louis Napoleon and the Recovery of France*, 1848—1856. By F. A. Simpson. London: Longmans. Pp. xviii. 396. Price, 21s. net.

the facts are so cleverly arranged that they are made to speak for themselves. The story, which unwinds itself without any apparent effort, has been extricated from piles of documents—some of the official dispatches and private correspondence never having been used hitherto for any historical work on this period.

A few sentences in the Preface give us a picture of the man who dominates the story, and are well worth quoting:

> No ruler of France—none perhaps of any European country—was so cosmopolitan in his training and outlook as Napoleon III. None certainly was less French. Essentially he was an international character: too good a citizen perhaps of Europe to be the ultimately successful ruler of any one country in it. The dreams and broodings of South Germany, the sleepy dignity of the Dutch, the slow speech and kindliness of England, the secretiveness and fatalism of the Italy he so loved—these were his, and a compassion for the people and a humanitarian idealism that were not peculiarly French.

This was the man whom the French, by an overwhelming majority, chose as their President in December, 1848. The author gives a very lucid description of the extremely complicated constitution of the Second Empire, which was, in the opinion of the Duc de Broglie, "un œuvre qui a reculé les limites de la stupidité humaine." Louis Napoleon's drastic method of cutting through this constitutional entanglement by the *coup d'état* of 1851, is told with dramatic effect. The secrecy of his preparations for this great stroke seems to pervade the narrative. The reader himself scarcely knows what is happening until he stands with the workmen in the early hours of December 2nd and reads the Proclamation in which the President announces his dissolution of the assembly, and calls on the people to judge between it and him.

Mr. Simpson carefully weighs all the evidence concerning the massacres that took place in the streets of Paris soon after the posting of the Proclamations, and he tries to strike a balance between the enemies of the President, who naturally exaggerated the casualties, and his supporters who tried to suppress unsavoury details. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to exonerate the President from all blame, for, as the author remarks:

> Even if he be held innocent of premeditated massacre, Louis Napoleon remains guilty of the bloodshed his *coup d'état* en-

tailed. Like his momentary model William III., in the murder of the de Witts and the massacre of Glencoe, he cannot escape the guilt of deaths which had his own advancement, if not for deliberate motive, for result; which though he did not desire he occasioned, which though he may have deplored he did not avenge, whose authors he screened from justice and even rewarded for their wrongdoing.

The *coup d'état* was, however, a complete success, and the following year the President became the Emperor. The part taken by France in the Crimean War is ably told, and the author takes leave of Louis Napoleon at the height of his fortunes in 1856, when he was named the "Emperor of Europe."

We heartily congratulate Mr. Simpson on his fine work, and shall look forward eagerly to a continuation of the history. An excellent bibliography and index and some good illustrations add considerably to its merits from the student's point of view.

3—THE KING'S JOURNALIST[1]

HENRY MUDDIMAN, born in London of a Warwickshire family, and educated at Cambridge, became the official Government journalist at the time of the Restoration, and founded, in the year 1663, *The London Gazette*, which is therefore the most ancient newspaper now in existence, being 260 years old. In these days of journalistic dominance this fact was sufficiently remarkable to justify a detailed history of the founder being published. But now that we have read the volume we hasten to add that, if *The Gazette* had lasted but 26 days instead of 260 years, the story of the foundation was well worth telling for its own sake.

The rise of Muddiman was the result of strenuous competition with the low-class politicians of his day, who belonged to the puritan party, the anabaptists and the fifth-monarchy men, in all their partizan intrigues. As time went on, Oates and Lord Shaftesbury entered the field, and overshadowed the meaner combatants, Hicks, Cann, Nedham, Venner, John and Francis Smith, who began the strife. By

[1] *The King's Journalist*, 1659—1689. By J. G. Muddiman, M.A. London: John Lane. Pp. x. 294. 14 Illustrations. Price, 12s. 6d. net.

too many of our writers these shady literary adventurers are displayed in a certain glamour of credit and respectability. This has been partly due to the eventual victory of the Whigs over James II., partly to the warm partizanship of Lord Macaulay and his followers, whose tendency has been to canonize even the remotest precursors of the Revolution. In regard to the opponents of Henry Muddiman above mentioned, this is reverse of just.

The discovery of a complete set of Muddiman's *News-Letters* in the library of the Marquis of Bath, has enabled his descendant, Mr. J. G. Muddiman, to work out the course of his ancestor's career, to bring to light a new and interesting source for Restoration history and to establish its value. These *News-Letters* contain, as we should say, "semi-official" comment on the progress of events. State papers for the period are now sadly few; but their want is made good to some extent by the King's Journalist, who had the privilege of seeing all such papers as the Government of the day wished to make public.

For us Catholics the discovery is especially important. For though Muddiman was not of our faith, the many trials and misfortunes of the Catholics in those days were almost entirely due to the same set of miscreants that were in steady opposition to his own journalistic career. It is natural, therefore, to look to him for information which may counter-balance the odious fictions of the fanatical persecutors.

We welcome *The King's Journalist,* therefore, not only as a new and valuable supplement to our history of an important period, but also as a useful corrective of the exaggerations of Whig historians, ancient and modern. Sometimes a little too much is made of unimportant or uncertain details, as of an alleged plot against the life of Monk (p. 105), but as a rule our author is explicit, accurate and well documented. He abounds in interesting details, sometimes concerning persons of merit, as Dryden and Sir Roger L'Estrange, more often about half-forgotten knaves, as the Regicides, or Anabaptists, or he gives valuable information about the origins of London Clubs, or the Penny Post, or the Printing Acts. Bibliographical details abound as to odd pamphlets, *The Book of Prodigies, The Raree Show,* and the illustrations frequently show at a glance, and better than any number of words could do, how fierce was the anti-

Catholic fanaticism which inspired them. For instance, *The Protestant Tutor* was published by Benjamin Harris, the founder of American journalism in 1690, when he published at Boston, *Publick Occurrences both Foreign and Domestick*. The *Tutor's* total sales are estimated to have reached 3,000,000 copies, and when the reader looks at the cuts on pp. 248, 250, he will need no further evidence of the bitterly anti-Catholic mentality of primitive American puritanism.

SHORT NOTICES.

Biblical.

MR. Harold Wiener, author of **The Prophets of Israel, in history and criticism** (Robert Scott), has already attracted considerable attention by his works upon the Pentateuch, and much the same kind of value attaches to the present volume upon the Prophets. We confess to some doubts in his regard upon the point of scholarship; and we are inclined to believe that he would carry more weight and achieve more lasting results if he would strengthen his hold upon the sacred text itself and its more immediate exegesis. His way of dealing with Isaiah vii. (pp. 28, 50), for example, is as violent as most proceedings of the critics, and his attempt to make the return of Judah from Babylonia into a return of Israel (p. 99) is no less crude. In such matters we detect the need of maturer judgment. Nevertheless Mr. Wiener's legal training stands him in good stead, and in this book he stands as counsel for the prosecution against Kuenen with scarcely less effect than formerly against Wellhausen; although indeed it might be juster to represent him as counsel for the defence, with Wellhausen and Kuenen prosecuting (or, at least, bearing false witness against) Moses and the prophets. The present work suffers somewhat from the wide range covered, and from too great a desire to take up Kuenen point by point; the Pentateuch had an obvious advantage in the greater unity of issue which it presents for controversy. Even here Mr. Wiener's chief strength lies in a certain frank brutality with which he pushes home a few fairly obvious considerations; for example, he says truly enough, "The fact is that none of these hypotheses would ever have seen the light but for the effort of rationalism to destroy the belief in revelation" (p. 19). We are glad, too, to see him laying stress on the conditional element in prophecy (pp. 142—144), a most important consideration. We are no less glad to see a reference to Père Condamin's admirable edition of Jeremiah (p. 127); we could wish, indeed, that our author were as much in touch with Catholic books as he is usually in sympathy with Catholic conclusions. The Bible Congress book, *The Religion of the Scriptures*, should appeal to him, or the recent work, *Moses and the Law*, and not a few other volumes in English and French.

Apologetic.

The Being of God, by the Rev. Vernon F. Storr, M.A. (Longmans: 1s. 6d. net) is one of the useful "Liverpool Diocesan Board of Divinity Publications." Mr. Storr criticises clearly and incisively the various rival conceptions of God which an orthodox Christian cannot accept—particularly the conceptions involved in pantheistic and pluralistic systems of philosophy. His discussion of Pluralism is particularly clear and helpful. The second chapter on Personality in God is also well done. Mr. Storr incidentally picks some very large holes in James's "Theory of Religious Experience." The concluding chapter on Creation is less satisfactory to a Catholic theologian. Mr. Storr holds that eternal creation is a *necessary* attribute of God. This is the view of Professor Pringle-Pattison and it has a great deal to be said for it, but in the end it raises more problems than it solves. On page 59 occurs the sentence, "I feel then that reflection forces us to the conclusion that if the universe cannot exist without God, neither can God exist without the universe." Surely such a conclusion as that does away with the transcendence of God altogether. It is an article of Catholic Faith that God is free in creating. Apart from some questionable reasoning in the last chapter, this little book will do good.

A simple, lucid and succinct commentary on the Catechism, called **Catholic Doctrine and Practice** (Gill and Sons: 10s.), and written by the Rev. John Lee, P.P., comes to us from Ireland. It is written in pleasant and scholarly fashion, and sufficiently well-documented. The treatment of the industrial question under the Seventh Commandment is necessarily rather summary, but we should have liked to have seen some express recognition of the almost inevitable unfairness of the modern capitalist system, due to the abandonment of Catholic teaching on the Just Price and the severance of the bulk of the population from the ownership of property.

Like the preceding, Father McLaughlin's **Catechism Theology** (Longmans: 2s. 6d. net) is intended primarily for teachers. As suggested by the title it deals with the chief theological truths which are summarized and condensed and made thereby difficult to understand in the Catechism. The Unity and Trinity of God, Creation, the Incarnation, Grace, the Church, the Eucharist—these great mysteries are clearly explained in non-technical language with abundance of illustration. The rest of the Catechism, comprising the details of the spiritual life, is reserved for future treatment.

Devotional.

Manuals for the guidance and inspiration of the priesthood abound, yet there is something fresh in the volume **Prophets of the Better Hope** (Longmans: 7s. 6d. net), written by the Rev. W. J. Kerby, Ph.D., Professor of Sociology in the Catholic University of Washington. These studies of the various phases of priestly life and character are full of a serene and practical wisdom, and few will fail to benefit by their perusal.

That the late Père Poulain's treatise on mystical theology, called **Des Grâces d'Oraison** (Beauchesne: 30.00 fr.), and translated into English and other European languages, has become a classic on its subject is evidenced by the number of editions through which it has passed since

it first appeared in 1901. Many of these the author himself was able to supervise and augment before he died in 1918: the tenth definitive edition has just been issued under the direction of Père J. V. Bainvel who has treated the work as a classic, and in a masterly introduction of some hundred pages has discussed its genesis and history. This introduction is particularly valuable, for the treatise excited not a little controversy, the course of which is fully detailed, together with the effects it had on the views of the author and its repercussions amongst the various "schools" of mysticism. A bibliography of seven pages, confined to Catholic authors, testifies to the continued and spreading vogue of the subject, for it is merely supplementary to the eighteen pages occupied by that of Père Poulain. The text is substantially the same as that of the eighth edition (1909) corrected by the author, but the editor has made various small emendations. It is to be hoped that the next edition of the English version will take due account of this careful work.

Biographical.

In the great French series of *Les Saints*, which is still directed by its founder, M. Henri Joly, a place has at last been found—the hundredth—for the Beloved Disciple. **Saint Jean** (Gabalda: 3.50 fr.) has been written by M. l'Abbé L. Pirot, one of the Professors in the University of Lille, and it presents a full and attractive sketch of the personality of one of the greatest and most favoured of men, the most copious and the most profound of the writers of the New Testament. We trust that this excellent *Life* may, like so many others of the series, be translated into English.

The damage wrought by the "gates of hell" against the Church in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries called for heroic souls as victims of reparation. **St. Lydwine of Schiedam**, whose life has been written by J. K. Huysmans and translated by Agnes Hastings (Kegan Paul: 6s. 6d.), was indeed a scapegoat for the sins of Christendom. Her poor body, attacked by every sort of loathsome disease, yet miraculously kept alive for many years, was a living type of the Church, which, surviving all the attacks of heresy, schism and gross immorality, proved thereby her divine origin and constitution. Though the details of St. Lydwine's sufferings are somewhat repulsive to our fastidious senses, there are many little human touches that bring her very near: as, for instance, her excessive sorrow over the death of her brother, and, again, the ruse by which she contrived, when on her death-bed, to rid herself of importunate admirers, and spend her last moments alone with her Beloved. It is a wonderful story of incredible sufferings borne, not merely with patience, but with that exultant joy characteristic of the saints in all ages. "Suffering vanishes in the flames of love." The translator has perhaps followed the French idiom a little too closely. A freer translation would have given the additional charm of style to this most interesting story.

We may surely find comfort in the thought that now as in every age of the Church, God raises up saints and martyrs as an antidote to the commercialism and infidelity of the day. A short sketch of the beautiful Italian girl **Gemma Galgani** has just been published from the pen of the late Father Philip Coghlan, C.P. (Talbot Press: 2s. 6d.).

It is taken from the life published in Italian by the late Father Germano of St. Stanislaus, Consultor General of the Passionists, and though it adds nothing to our knowledge of the holy maiden, the story is presented in a very readable form, and will no doubt attract many who have not access to the larger Life.

Fiction.

We are glad to welcome a cheap (2s. 6d. net) edition of John Oxenham's sketch of Dartmoor and a remarkable personage who lives and prays there, the book which he styles **My Lady of the Moor** (Longmans). It is a story of the redeeming effects of pure love, and it is fitly set in the one spot in England where every prospect pleases except that looking towards man's vileness, the prison at Princetown. Some slight and very natural unfamiliarity in dealing with things Catholic is noticeable in the book, but there is no lack of reverent intention.

Miscellaneous.

The **Flying Leaves** (Heath Cranton: 12s. 6d. net) which the Right Rev. Sir David Hunter Blair has collected and bound into a book are not all of equal merit. Some like "Oxford as it is," dated 1908, refer to a state of things largely obsolete. The few pages, dated 1921 and called "Ireland's Opportunity," form an excursion into politics still less apposite to-day. On the other hand, the author's reminiscences of famous people such as Leo XIII. and Pius X., George Lane Fox, and the ex-Empress Eugenie are interesting, as also are his sketches of foreign travel, and some of his lighter articles. Several full-page illustrations diversify the volume.

Stirring stories of the deep-sea fisheries are contained in **Nor'ard of the Dogger** (Simpkin and Co.: 3s. 6d. net), a reprint of an old book first published in 1886 by E. J. Mather, Founder of the Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen. The hardships and monotony of the life, and the zealous attempts to bring spiritual consolation to those that lead it by the good Protestant missioners, are vividly depicted.

A vast deal of useful matter is packed into the Rev. Paul Bull's **Lectures on Preaching and Sermon Construction** (S.P.C.K.: 8s. 6d. net), which Catholics will find serviceable if used with discrimination. The author is concerned not only with the preacher's aim and office, but with his teaching and manner of life: he gives various methods of preparation and rules for delivery: also incidentally shows what to avoid. Not the least valuable and practical is the chapter on "sectional addresses."

As is well known and admitted even by the non-believer, the "Bureau de Constatations Médicales" at Lourdes exercises the most scientific care in deciding the character of the "cures" submitted to it. A book, therefore, by the Vice-President of the "Bureau," Dr. A. Marchand, which discusses **Les Faites de Lourdes et le Bureau des Constatations Médicales** (Téqui: 4.00 fr.), comes to us with the highest recommendations. Dr. Marchand details the process of examination, the precautions taken by the "Bureau" and the nature of the evidence accepted, illustrating his record by accounts of cures inexplicable by medical science. During the last thirty years 7,618 doctors have officially visited the Bureau, the number varying from five during 1911 to 670 during

1913. The Vice-President diagnoses the various mental attitudes shown by the faculty. Some will not enter the doors of the "Bureau" through human respect, others come but depart without expressing an opinion, a great many believe, others are genuinely puzzled, others fiercely incredulous—so much depends on mental habit, philosophical outlook, *parti pris*. Canon Duplessy, who introduces the volume, acutely remarks that the believer in miracles is really the most unprejudiced: *he* can reject the proofs of any particular case without giving up his faith, whilst the unbeliever cannot admit the strongest evidence except by abandoning *his* negative belief.

The purpose of Professor Lippl's book, **Der Islam** (Pustet, Kempten: 25 m.) is to give the reader a short, clear and interesting account of the origin, growth and decay of Mohammedanism. Within the compass of ninety-four pages this little volume succeeds in giving one a fairly complete insight into the main springs and chief moral and legal tenets of the "Prophet's" religious system. His life and character are portrayed in vivid colours, while the history of his successors and the conquering impulse of Islam make very interesting reading, especially now when a recrudescence of this formidable instinct is so marked.

Miss Irene Hernaman, reinforced by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who has contributed a preface in his most trenchant mood, has published a booklet on **Child Mediums** (St. Dominic's Press, Ditchling, Sussex: price one shilling), of which we will only remark that we wish it were longer and were more likely to attract notice than it can well do in its present form. All that Miss Hernaman says is excellent and to the point. The evil is a crying one and ought to be exposed. If Miss Hernaman had had more space at her disposal she might have expatiated on the baby medium, the infant son of Mrs. Fox Fencken (*i.e.*, Miss Kate Fox, one of the founders of modern spiritualism). The spiritualist journals of 1873 were full of prophecies of the marvellous career for which this child was destined, at least so the spirits declared, but nothing was ever heard of him again except that he was neglected by his drunken mother.

A previous work of Dr. S. A. Leathley, *A History of Marriage and Divorce*, though marred by a lack of accurate knowledge concerning the mediæval marriage legislation of the Church, yet showed him to be a believer in the divine institution of Christian marriage. In a later treatise, **The Roman Family** (Blackwell: Oxford), he has gone back to the pre-Christian period and treats of marriage among the Romans. He gives us the text and a well-annotated translation of the *De Ritu Nuptiarum* of Justinian's Digest. It is a scholarly work, and we have noticed but one slip, "proneptem," on p. 67, being translated "great grandson." To his translation he has prefixed an interesting and informing essay on marriage and family relationship among the Romans, in the course of which he does not omit to point the moral for our own day. Mr. Paton, in a foreword, says of the Roman family that it was "a political institution without moral aim. As such it rapidly became degenerate." One cannot leave this study of the Roman family without reflecting with amazement on the blindness of those so-called Christians of to-day, who are so anxious, through the pagan device of divorce, to bring about the same ruin that overtook the Roman social and political organism. We commend to them the opening definition of the

De Ritu Nuptiarum: "Marriage is the union of a man and a woman, and a lifelong fellowship, a sharing of sacred and human law."

As in England, so in the United States, the parish denominational school long anticipated the efforts of the State to provide education for its citizens, yet has now to be carried on at a disadvantage compared with the provision made by the State. The parish schools educate, at no charge to the State, about one-half of the total Catholic school-population, and the aim of our co-religionists is to erect parish schools everywhere and thus save the faith of the young from danger. A full history of **The Parish School: its aims, procedure and problems** (Macmillan, New York), is given by the Rev. J. A. Dunney, of Albany, who is a diocesan school inspector, and uses his knowledge and experience to illuminate the subject.. Conditions here are similar enough to make this record of abounding interest to those zealous for true education in this country. It is much more than a record, for it is full of practical insight into educational problems and of genuine solutions.

A book on the same lines but of narrower scope is **Zeal in the Class Room** (St. Michael's College: Toronto), by the Rev. M. V. Kelly, C.S.B., which is described as an exercise on "Pastoral Theology for clergy and religious engaged as Teachers." In pursuance of the true aim of education, the discipline of the will, it develops the spiritual side of training, touching upon the many methods provided by Catholic Tradition for informing even secular education with religion.

Minor Publications.

Madame Cecilia, of Streatham, not having found any of the existing Manuals sufficiently practical, has issued a booklet on **How to Establish and Govern a C. o. M. Sodality** (Griffiths, London). There can be no question of the practicalness of this manual, for it covers everything down to the colours of ribbons and the price of veils and cloaks. It will be of much use to all directors and officials of the Children of Mary. Amongst means of providing a Sodality Library, the use of the Bexhill Collection, now acquired and housed by the C.T.S., might have been mentioned.

Mr. A. A. King in **The Book of 1549** (S.SS.P. & P. 3d.) pleads for the permissive use of the First Prayer Book of Edward VI. as a means of bringing order into the ritual chaos in High Anglican churches. No doubt it would have this external effect if adopted, but Catholics would not consider it really any more orthodox than its successor, the Book of 1662. Gasquet and Bishop have shown once for all that it was but the first step in the process of abolishing the Mass.

Two highly-interesting and important pamphlets have been issued at ten cents each by *The America Press*. The first, called **God and Cæsar**, by Father J. Husslein, S.J., deals with the old charge against the Church of being an enemy of the State, and traces the growth of this idea in U.S.A. from the A.P.A. to the Ku Klux Klan, following up that exposition by a detailed statement of the Catholic doctrine. **Human Evolution and Science**, by Father F. Lebuffe, S.J., discusses seriatim the multitude of dubious analogies alleged by materialistic evolutionists to *prove* the kinship in origin between man and monkey, and shows the grotesque lack of logic that pervades all their argument.

The Logic of Ethics (Indian C.T.S.: 2 annas), by Father C. Dupont, S.J., is an essay which aims at determining the laws of morality by the

use of reason. Reason first of all demonstrates God, and God's perfection is the basis and criterion of right and wrong. The discussion is clear and close and cogent, but perhaps it would have been better to assist the intelligence of the reader by a greater number of chapter-headings, marking the framework and sequence of the argument.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

BENZIGER BROS., New York.
The Early Friends of Christ. By Jos. P. Conroy, S.J. Pp. 222. Price, $1.75. *My God and My All.* By Fr. Lasance. Pp. 287. Price, 35 c. and upwards.

BLACKWELL, Oxford.
More's Eutopia. Translated by G. C. Richards. Pp. xxi. 138. Price, 5s. net. *William Hemminge's Elegy on Randolph's Finger.* With Introduction by G. C. Moore-Smith. Pp. 35. Price, 3s. 6d. n.

BLAISE BENZIGER, New York.
General Legislation in the New Code. By V. Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac. Pp. 384. Price, 12s. 6d.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE. London.
The Catholic Students "Aids" to the Study of the Bible. By Hugh Pope, O.P. Vol. III. With Maps. Pp. xiv. 461. Price, 7s. 6d. *Sir Edward Widdington.* By a Catholic Gentleman. Pp. 32. Price, 5s. *Stories in School.* With Introduction by Rev. F. H. Drinkwater. Pp. 195. Price, 5s. *The Pope's Encyclical on St. Francis of Sales.* Price, 3d. *Monica's Mistakes.* By C. J. Oddie. Pp. 158. Price, 3s. 6d. *A Priest's Prayer and other Poems.* By Allan Ross, Cong. Orat. Pp. 88. Price, 3s. 6d. *The Roman Martyrology.* Translated. Pp. xvi. 156. Price, 10s. *Up and down Lourdes.* By Edith Cowell. Pp. 108. Price, 3s. 6d. *Time's Gift.* By Celest Zanetti. Pp. 47. Price, 2s. 6d.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.
Several Twopenny Pamphlets.

CECIL PALMER, London.
Proof of the Existence of God. By C. E. Pell. Pp. 180. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

DESSAIN, Mechlin.
Epitome Juris Canonici. Tom. III. By A. Vermeersch, S.J., and J. Creusen, S.J. Pp. xii. 397. Price, 15.00 fr. *De Objectis et Actibus ad Justitiam pertinentibus.* By E. Van Roey. 4th edit. Pp. 62.

ENCYCLOPEDIA PRESS, London.
Supplement to the Catholic Encyclopedia. Pp. 786. Price, 30s.

EXAMINER PRESS, Bombay.
History of England Series: Later Medieval Period. By E. R. Hull, S.J. Pp. 152. Price, 12 annas.

FISHER UNWIN, London.
Climbs on Alpine Peaks. By His Holiness Pius XI. Illustrated. Pp. 136. Price, 8s. 6d. net.

HURST & BLACKETT, London.
The Soul-Sifters. By A. J. Anderson. Pp. viii. 279. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

KEGAN PAUL & Co., London.
Scientific Thought. By C. D. Broad, M.A. Pp. 555. Price, 16s. net.

LONGMANS, London.
The Arts in Greece. By F. A. Wright. Pp. viii. 111. *The Creed for the Twentieth Century.* By C. G. Harrison. Pp. xv. 128. Price, 4s. 6d. net. *An Order for the Administration of Holy Communion in the Diocese of Bombay.* Pp. x. 53. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

MACMILLAN & Co., London.
The Nature of 'Intelligence' and the Principles of Cognition. By C. Spearman. Pp. viii. 358. Price, 15s. net.

SANDS & Co., London.
The Little Ones. By Mother Mary Eaton. Pp. 137. Price, 2s. 6d. n.

S.P.C.K., London.
The Prelude to the Reformation. By R. S. Arrowsmith, M.A. Pp. xii. 226. Price, 8s. net.

SOCIETY OF SS. PETER AND PAUL, London.
Congress Booklets. By various authors. Price, 3d. each.

TALBOT PRESS, Dublin.
Gemma Galgani. By Ph. Coghlan, C.P. Pp. 122. Price, 2s. net.

TÉQUI, Paris.
Au Seuil de la Vie. By Abbé F. Delerue. 2 Vols. Pp. xii. 234, 282. Price, 10.00 fr.

VATICAN PRESS, Rome.
Il Primato di S. Pietro. By N. Cardinal Marini. 2nd edition. Pp. xx. 373. Price,

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